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The Mercury

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JOHN P. SANBORN } Editors
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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

THE APRIL SNOWSTORM

April was ushered in by one of the most disagreeable snowstorms of the season, during which several inches of wet, sticky snow fell, accompanied by winds approaching gale velocity. It looked for a time as though the electric companies might lose more wires and poles, as the snow clung to everything that it touched. Had the weather turned cold and the snow frozen to the wires, the damage would undoubtedly have been large, but fortunately the snow turned to rain during the night, which obviated all danger.

Tuesday night was a very disagreeable evening to be out, and autos found it very hard going. The snow came down in great flakes, and soon there were several inches on the ground, the storm being accompanied by thunder and lightning. Before midnight it turned to rain and there was a heavy downpour for a short time. By noon of Wednesday the snow had practically disappeared from the streets, but the cold wind was very unpleasant for the season.

THAMES STREET CHURCH SOLD

The church property formerly occupied by the Thames Street Methodist Church has been sold to the Hellenic Orthodox Community of Newport, locally known as the Greek Church. The purchasers will take title immediately and will make some essential renovations at once with a carefully considered plan for radical changes in the property when the money becomes available.

The present building was dedicated in 1886, and was used continuously by the Church until the consolidation of the two Methodist churches some two years ago, under the name of St. Paul's Church. Since that time the Marlboro Street church has been used for all services.

With the constant increase of the Greek population in Newport, the demand for a permanent home for that Church has been steadily growing, and a number of properties have been examined within the past few months.

Work has been begun on tearing down the old Lawton stables at Touro and Spring streets. When the site is cleared construction will be begun for a one-story garage. The change will be a great improvement to the neighborhood, although many persons had been hoping that the land might be thrown into a parkway to improve the appearance of the new Court House which will be erected on the Sheffield property on the west.

The vessels of the New York Yacht Club will rendezvous at Newport for their annual cruise next summer, and the cruise will proceed as far to the east as Bar Harbor, where some of the important races will be sailed. The races for the Astor cups will be sailed off this port.

Mr. Oliver C. Rose, proprietor of the Eureka Hotel at Block Island, is at the Newport Hospital for observation. It is possible that an operation may be necessary to relieve a condition from which he has been suffering for some weeks.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The board of aldermen had two important matters for discussion at the monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, at which the monthly bills were approved. Representatives of the Newport Electric Company appeared before the board to explain further the proposition in regard to operating a bus line in connection with the trolley line. Manager Gosling explained the Company's position, and said that application would be made immediately to the State board for permission to operate a bus line, pending the completion of the Broadway pavement, as it has been found impracticable to operate the cars on anything like a schedule while the construction work is going on. He said that the Company had had many requests for bus service, and had decided to try it out for a time, at first on the Broadway and Thames street route and later perhaps to the Beach. Alderman Martin was inclined to doubt the feasibility of the scheme from a financial standpoint, and thought that it might interfere with the proposed agreement regarding Broadway work with the Newport & Providence Railway.

The other matter of particular importance was the question of filling the office of city treasurer, made vacant by the death of John M. Taylor. Mr. Thomas B. Congdon of the Aquidneck National Bank, the city depository, brought the matter up, saying that he had been in consultation with officers and counsel for the First National Bank of Boston, which certifies the city's notes, and had been informed that the representative council was the body to elect, under the city charter. On the other hand, City Solicitor Sullivan ruled that the board of aldermen could fill the vacancy. Inasmuch as the deputy city treasurer, Miss Leonard, was qualified to carry on the duties of the office for the present, it was decided to lay the matter over for full investigation. Incidentally, it developed that an act had been prepared and introduced into the General Assembly defining the powers of the representative council to fill vacancies. The act had been prepared by the City Solicitor at the request of Dr. Brackett.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was further discussion of the means to be adopted to elect a city treasurer, and it was finally voted to call a special meeting of the representative council to elect on Monday, April 14. This action was not taken, however, until after a motion to elect Miss Alice Leonard, the present deputy city treasurer, had been ruled out of order on the ground that the board had not voted to proceed with the election. City Solicitor Sullivan was called upon for opinions, and Alderman Martin adhered to his contention that the City Solicitor to the contrary notwithstanding, the representative council was the proper body to elect.

Resolutions of regret at the loss of City Treasurer John M. Taylor were adopted, ordered spread upon the records, and a copy transmitted to his family.

Street Commissioner Sullivan was authorized to change the storm overflow sewer outlet on Commercial wharf, at the request of the Newport Industrial Development Company, as it came within the lines of their new building on private property. The cost will be about \$500, but Mr. Sullivan explained that the work is essential.

Alderman Hughes reported that the proposed traffic beacons appeared to be very desirable, but the appropriation for the police department, from which the cost would be taken, was not sufficient to allow of their purchase. It was voted not to contract for these beacons until such time as the representative council should make an appropriation therefor.

A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses were granted.

The highway department will begin its spring work on the highways next Monday morning, provided there are no more blizzards by that time. There is plenty of work to be done to make the streets even barely passable for the summer. A number of important highways are to be entirely rebuilt.

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Sumner has made considerable progress in clearing up the docket in the Superior Court this week. Several jury trials have been heard and verdicts rendered.

On Monday the case of George Stewart vs. Robert Wolfenden was completed, this being a case to recover for injuries when struck by an automobile. The jury returned a verdict for plaintiff for \$300.

Thomas Hurst vs. Robert J. Sweeney was a probate appeal, and after hearing testimony, the Court directed the jury to return a verdict sustaining the will.

Stephen Mason vs. James O. King was an action to recover a commission for selling property of defendant. Plaintiff claimed that he found a customer for the property of the defendant on Broadway and that the property was finally sold to this customer. He claimed that a commission had been promised him. The defense denied that a commission had been promised. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

On Tuesday a jury heard the case of James Souza Gomes vs. John Morris, an action to recover damages for injuries received in a shooting affray. Several witnesses testified as to the shooting, which the defendant did not deny, having already served a sentence in jail therefor, but said that he was enraged at remarks that plaintiff had made about his family. The verdict was for plaintiff for \$1018.

On Wednesday a jury heard the case of Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown vs. Richard J. Lawton, Jr., of Newport. This was a case to recover on certain promissory notes made by defendant to C. Leroy Grinnell and by him turned over to plaintiff. The sale of an automobile was involved in the case, and the defendant thought he might have paid some of the amounts due. The verdict was for plaintiff for \$182.50, the full amount asked.

On Thursday a boundary line case was begun—John D. Doyle vs. John Ralph. Plaintiff claimed that defendant had trespassed upon his land on Simmons street, by taking down a fence and moving it on to plaintiff's land. He asked \$1000 damages. The jury took a view of the premises, and the rest of the day was devoted to hearing testimony. The defense was not reached until Friday.

A persistent rumor that has circulated through the Torpedo Station forces for some time, to the effect that a substantial part of the work here would be transferred to the west coast has been set at rest by official statements. Captain Earle, in command of the Station here, and the Navy Department at Washington have both denied that there is any intention to make any such transfer of important work.

Little progress has been made on the Broadway work this week, although more machinery has been landed on the job. The large force of hand laborers was laid off for several days, and only a few men have been at work. It is understood that there has been some delay in securing the drain pipe necessary to go under the foundation for the railway tracks.

Two of the men arrested after the alleged "hi-jacking" party near Black Point Farm last week, are still at the Newport County Jail, having been unable to obtain the \$8000 bail required on the several charges against them. Two of the men have been able to secure the bail and have left the jail pending the calling of their cases in court.

There was a lively blaze in the Armbruster market on Broadway at the head of Bliss Road on Wednesday evening, box 26 being sounded. The flames were extinguished before they had damaged the building much, but the contents of the store suffered considerably. The fire is supposed to have originated from an oil stove.

The Apprentices from the Training Station held a practice march through the city on Thursday afternoon, being under command of Lieutenant John Davis. Their number was larger than at their last appearance and they made a fine showing on the street, even though one of the companies was labelled as having been in service but three days.

JOHN M. TAYLOR

City Treasurer John M. Taylor died at his home on Hoffman Place on Tuesday after an illness of several months, in his eighty-third year. He was stricken in the City Hall on January 16th, and was conveyed to his home where he had since been under the care of Dr. John H. Sweet. For a time there had been hope of his recovery, but his advanced age proved an obstacle that could not be overcome. Although it had been realized for some time that his condition was critical, the announcement of his death came as a severe blow to his wide circle of friends.

Mr. Taylor was a man of particularly genial and companionable nature, and was deeply beloved by all who knew him. His associates in the City Hall, in Emmanuel Church, in the Royal Arcanum and in the Odd Fellows, with all of which he had been connected for many years, felt a personal sense of bereavement in his death. A man of staunch integrity, of good judgment and of wide experience as a financial officer, he held a number of offices of responsibility. He had been city treasurer of Newport for twenty years, had been collector of Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, since its institution in 1878; and had been treasurer of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows for forty years.

Mr. Taylor was a son of Robert J. Taylor, a leading druggist of Newport in his day, and was born in this city on July 4, 1841. He was educated in a private school in Grafton, Mass., and was employed as a boy in a number of Newport stores. He finally entered the employ of the late A. C. Titus, and continued in that establishment until 1904, when he was elected city treasurer.

Mr. Taylor was deeply interested in Emmanuel Church, and had been treasurer and senior warden for a great many years. He was a regular attendant at the church services and seldom missed a meeting of the vestry. Every rector who had presided over the parish had learned to depend unhesitatingly upon Mr. Taylor's labors in the financial field.

He was interested in fraternal organizations, and had a record that would be hard to beat in both the Odd Fellows and the Royal Arcanum. He served as Noble Grand of Rhode Island Lodge many years ago, and the present generation can remember no other treasurer of the Lodge. He was a charter member of Coronet Council and had been the only collector that the Council had ever had. He had a wide acquaintance throughout the city, and his many friends enjoyed the opportunity to exchange greetings with him in his office. He was president of the Island Cemetery Corporation, and a member of the Miantonomi Club.

He is survived by his wife, one son, Mr. Robert P. Taylor, one daughter, Mrs. William W. Marvel of Fall River, a half-brother, Mr. Grant P. Taylor, who is treasurer of the Savings Bank of Newport, and a half-sister, Mrs. Walter Hodges of Chicago.

Funeral services were held at Emmanuel Church on Friday afternoon, and were attended by an immense gathering of representative citizens. The body lay in state from 10:00 o'clock until 2:00, when the services began. Rev. Roy W. Magoun officiated, being assisted by several former rectors of the church. The members of Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows and Coronet Council, Royal Arcanum, escorted the remains to the cemetery and conducted the burial ritual at the grave.

Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King has recovered several gallons of alcohol which were looted from the truck that brought in the large quantity of booze from Black Point Farm. The alcohol was left on the front steps of the jail in the middle of the night, and Sheriff King was called out of bed by telephone in the middle of the night to receive them.

Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., was the speaker before the Lions Club at its weekly luncheon on Thursday, relating some of the incidents of his three years' stay among the Esquimaux.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Given a Surprise

Rev. and Mrs. John Pearce were given a pleasant surprise on Monday evening. Following the showing of the picture, "From the Manger to the Cross," Rev. and Mrs. Pearce were presented with a purse of gold in honor of the thirty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. The presentation was made by Mr. Fred P. Webber in behalf of the church. Rev. Mr. Pearce responded with feeling, telling those present of their appreciation of the gift.

The annual egg supper of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at the church on Thursday evening under the auspices of the Epworth League. An excellent menu of eggs in many forms was served. The supper committee comprised Mrs. John Nicholson, Mrs. John H. Peckham, Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody, and Mrs. Clifton B. Ward. The entertainment committee was Miss Amy Barker, Mr. Robert W. Smith, and Miss Sadie Peckham. A pleasing program was rendered by Mr. F. Hazen Carr, violinist, and Miss Marian G. Dowling, pianist.

Mrs. William Clarence Peckham entertained the Paradise Reading Club on Wednesday afternoon. The afternoon was devoted to the reading of short stories by Mrs. John Nicholson.

Mrs. Elmer Coggeshall and son, Ormond Coggeshall, of Derby, Me., who have been guests of Mrs. Coggeshall's daughter, Mrs. Vernon Dennis, have returned to their home.

Mr. Robert Howard has been spending a few days with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. William R. Howard.

Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts held a meeting on Thursday afternoon at the Holy Cross Guild House. A rehearsal was held for the pageant, "A Strange Cadence," which was written by Mrs. Warren T. Berry of Newport. Mrs. Berry was present to direct the rehearsal of the pageant, which will be given after Easter.

Rev. and Mrs. John Pearce attended the New England Southern Conference of Methodist Episcopal churches which was held recently in Providence. Rev. Mr. Pearce was re-appointed for another year.

Mrs. Julian H. Peckham met with a painful accident recently while trying to readjust a broken pane of glass at her home. Her hand slipped and the tendons of her left hand were badly cut. She was taken to the Newport Hospital to have the wound dressed, where she stayed until the next day. The arm is now in splints, and it is expected that it will take some time to heal, as it was a deep cut.

Mrs. Joshua Coggeshall and her granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Anthony of Portsmouth, have been guests of Mrs. Clinton Copeland in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber have as guest Mr. Wendell Manning of Bourne, Mass. Mr. Manning is the son of Rev. and Mrs. Manning, formerly of this town.

Miss Katherine Kaull, who is a student nurse at the Newport Hospital, has gone to Providence, where she will take up a three months' course at the Rhode Island Hospital, in connection with her training here.

Mr. Lloyd S. Peckham, who has been spending the winter with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Reston S. Peckham, has gone to Verona, N. Y., where he is employed by the Lane Construction Company. Mr. Francis Peabody, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody, who is employed by the same company, has also gone to take up his duties.

Mrs. Charles H. Ward, who has been spending the winter in Providence with her son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Farnum, has returned to her home here.

Miss Eliza M. Peckham has returned to her home after spending the past two months with relatives in Springfield, Mass. Her sister, Mrs. Ermina Farnum Conger of Worcester, returned with her and is now guest of another sister, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham.

The April meeting of the St. Mary's Branch of the Women's Auxiliary will take the form of an all-day meeting to be held on April 9 at the home of Mrs. John Alexander Elliott. A missionary box will be packed. The women's Lenten offering this year will be devoted to the work of Bishop Remington of Eastern Oregon.

Miss Florence Caswell, of Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass., is spending the Spring vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Coggeshall who have been spending the winter in Miami, Florida, have returned to their home here.

Rev. and Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes will sail for Italy in a few weeks, and expect to be abroad for about two months.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Whist and Dance

In spite of the severe storm on Wednesday evening, the social committee of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., held a successful whist and dance at Oakland Hall. Music for dancing was furnished by Messrs. Alfred Molden and Tony Silvia of Middletown and Miss Marjorie Gibson of this town. Prizes were awarded.

The pair of fishhawks which have had their nest in the top of a tall tree on the farm of Mr. William W. Anthony for about 40 years, arrived here on Sunday, March 23. This is exceptionally early for them. For many years it has been noticed that they always arrive there on a Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grinnell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony have been guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lawton in Springfield, Mass. The party rode the trip by automobiles.

Miss Fannie T. Clarke, who has been confined to her home by illness, is improving.

News has been received of the death of Rev. Henry W. McCrone, in St. Johnsville, N. Y. The burial was in Amesbury, Mass. Rev. Mr. McCrone was for nine years the pastor of the Union Christian Church of this town, leaving here for Amesbury about twenty years ago.

Mrs. Ralph Freeborn is ill with bronchitis at her home.

Mr. George Wood has returned to his studies in Cambridge, Mass., after spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wood.

Lieutenant James P. Conover, U. S. N., has been spending a few days with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover, at St. Mary's Rectory.

Master Forster E. Chase, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Woodman Chase, is confined to his home by illness. Mrs. Chase's sister, Miss Hattie Peabody, is helping care for him.

The Sewing Circle of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., held an all day meeting at the home of Mrs. Laura Babbitt on Wednesday.

Mr. Clarence Pearce, who has been employed as a motorman on the Newport & Fall River cars, has secured the position as night watchman inside the house at Oakland Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Frances is seriously ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chase, having suffered a shock on Sunday.

Among those who attended the Methodist Episcopal Conference held recently in Providence were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Borden, Howard Borden, Mrs. David P. Hedley and son, Russell Hedley, Mrs. Lottie Geisler and son, Mr. William Geisler, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Sherman, Rev. and Mrs. George DeLano, Miss Emma Brayton, Mrs. Annie Tucker and Mr. Earl Lowden.

Rev. William L. Phillips, a former rector of St. Paul's Church, has recently become curate of the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as the "Little Church around the Corner," in New York.

Rev. Joseph B. Ackley of Putnam, Conn., formerly pastor at the Methodist Episcopal Church was placed on the retired list at the closing of the New England Southern Conference of Methodist Episcopal churches.

An auction sale of farm stock and tools was held on Wednesday at the farm of Mr. Edmund Chase on Anthony Road. Two old spinning wheels and several articles of furniture were also on sale. Mr. William A. S. Cummings acted as auctioneer. Lunch was served by Mr. Leon F. Greene.

The following books were loaned from the Free Public Library during March: History 15, Biography 22, Geography and Travel 34, Science and Art 31, Poetry and Drama 12, Literature and Language 48, Miscellaneous 23, Fiction 673, Total 858. A large number of oil paintings are on exhibition at the library and are worth going to see, even if one does not wish to get books. One large picture of this group, the work of Miss Sarah J. Eddy, is an old lady at work in her kitchen, preparing vegetables for a Thanksgiving dinner. It was posed by Mrs. Burke, mother of Mrs. John M. Eldredge, of Bristol Ferry.

News has been received of the death of Jabez Wilmarth, in Central Falls. Mr. Wilmarth married Miss Annie Heath of this town, sister of the late James and Frank Heath.

The reels of "From the Manger to the Cross," were shown at St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening. An organ recital was given by Mr. Carl Bloom of Newport. Rev. Mr. Conover conducted a short evening service.



by Robert Stead
AUTHOR OF 'THE COW PUNCHER', 'THE
HOMESTEADERS', 'NEIGHBORS' ETC

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Transley's hay-cutting outfit, after stacking 1,000 tons, is on its way to the big ranch here. Zen, a young man, is a master of men and circumstances. Linder, a woman, is a substantial, but not self-assertive. George Drake, one of the men, is a responsible chap who proposes to marry Zen. Zen, Linder and her wife and daughter Zen, Transley resolves to marry Zen. Zen, Linder, Transley, George Drake, a fellow named Landerson, and a fellow named Landerson.

CHAPTER II.—Drake proposes to Zen and is nearly rebuffed. Zen and Linder are on the South Y.D. and Landerson's outfit cutting hay. Zen, Linder, Landerson's manager, not-ice Drake. Zen, Linder, Landerson, and Drake are on the South Y.D. Drake is a fellow named Landerson.

CHAPTER III.—Y.D. and Zen ride to the South Y.D. Zen is a natural tramp, not yet halter-broke and ripe for training. Y.D. has taken a liking to Transley. Zen holds Transley off and encourages Linder.

CHAPTER IV.—Zen enjoys the prospect of a race between Transley and Linder for her favor, but secretly laughs at both. She has another and more serious encounter with Drake. Y.D. mowing machines are ruined by iron stakes set in the grass. Zen prevents open war with Landerson. Transley half-ly proposes and is turned off. Drake resolves to turn out the rival outfit.

CHAPTER V.—Fire blazes up in the Landerson stacks. The Y.D. outfit has to ride to the aid of the South Y.D. alone to help. The wind changes and the Y.D. people now have to fight the prairie fire. Zen rides into the river to escape flames. Drake tries to abduct Zen. She drowns. Drake thinks she has. Zen, Linder, and Drake are on the South Y.D. Zen is thrown and knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VI.—Zen comes to after several hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a sprained ankle and both horses have run away. So she sits, looking under a moon and tells their part lives. Grant, it appears, is a rich man's son who is seeking wealth in order to live his own life.

CHAPTER VII.—Y.D. and his men arrive after daylight. Naturally, in the circumstances, Linder is abandoned. Grant rides off. Transley goes to the nearest town, then returns and induces Y.D. to go into partnership with him in the contracting and building business. Transley whips Zen off her feet by the force of his masculine love-making.

CHAPTER VIII.—Transley sends Zen an engagement ring and she wants it. Then Grant appears and proposes. She shows him the ring. Zen is heartily hostile, but at last decides in favor of the ring. So she and Grant part.

CHAPTER IX.—Transley announces his forthcoming wedding to Linder and sets him at work building a handsome residence in the town. The wedding is set for Christmas day.

"Were you in the habit of speaking to my father like that?"

"Your father was a man well on in years, Mr. Grant. Every man according to his age."

Grant looked at her keenly. Whatever her words, he had to admit that her tone was not impudent.

"You appear to be a very advanced young woman," he remarked. "I am a little surprised—I had hardly thought my father would select young women of your type as his confidential secretaries."

"Private stenographer," she corrected. "A little extra shift on a title is neither here nor there. Well, I will admit that I rather took your father's breath at times; he discharged me so often it became a habit, but we grew to have a sort of tacit understanding—that that was just his way of blowing off steam. You see, I did his work, and I did it right. I never lost my head when he got into a temper; I could always read my notes even after he had spent most of the day in death grips with some business rival. You see, I wasn't afraid of him, not the least bit. And I'm not afraid of you."

"I don't believe you are," Grant admitted. "You are a remarkable woman. I think we shall set along all right if you are able to distinguish between independence and bravado." He turned to his desk, then suddenly looked up again. He was homesick for some one he could talk to frankly.

"I don't mind telling you," he said abruptly, "that the reference which is being showered upon me around this institution gives me a good deal of a pain. I've been accustomed to working with men on the same level. They took their orders from me, and they carried them out, but the older hands called me by my first name, and any of them swore back when I thought he had occasion. I can't fit in to this 'Yes sir,' 'No sir,' 'Very good, sir,' way of doing business. It doesn't ring true."

"I know what you mean," she said. "There's too much servility in it. And yet one may pay these courtesies and not be servile. I always 'sir'd' your father, and he knew I did it because I wanted to, not because I had to. And I shall do the same with you once we understand each other."

"I think we can accept that as a working basis," he agreed.

"She produced notebook and pencil. 'Very well, sir. Do you wish to dictate?'"

Grant found a little apartment house on a side street, overlooking the lake. Here was a place where the vision could leap out without being beaten back by barricades of stone and brick. He rested his eyes on the distance, and assured the invigilant landlady that the rooms would do, and he would arrange for decorating at his own expense.

As he was arranging the books on his shelf a clipping with the account of Zen's wedding fell to the floor. He sat down in his chair and read it slowly through. Later he went out for a walk.

It was in his long walks that Grant found the only real comfort of his new life. To be sure, it was not like roaming the foothills; there was not the soft breath of the Chinook, nor the deep silence of the mighty valleys. But there was movement and freedom and a chance to think. The city offered artificial attractions in which the foothills had not competed; faintly kept parks and lawns; splashes of perfume and color; spraying fountains and vagrant strains of music. He reflected that some marvellous principle of compensation has made no place quite perfect and no place entirely undesirable. He remembered also the toll of his life in the saddle; the physical hardship, the strain of long hours and broken weather. And here, too, in a different way, he was in the saddle, and he did not know which strain was the greater. He was beginning to have a higher regard for the men in the saddle of business. The world saw only their success, or, it may be, their pretense of success. But there was a different story from all that, which each one of them could have told for himself.

On this evening when his mind had been suddenly turned into old channels by the finding of the newspaper clipping dealing with the wedding of Y.D.'s daughter, Grant walked far into the outskirts of the city, paying little attention to his course. It was late October; the leaves lay thick on the sidewalks and through the parks; there was in all the air that strange, sad, sweet dreariness of the dying summer.

Grant had tried heroically to keep his thoughts away from Transley's wife. The past had come back on him, had rather engulfed him, in that little newspaper clipping. He let himself wonder where she was, and whether nearly a year of married life had shown her the folly of her decision. He took it for granted that her decision had been folly, and he arrived at that position without any reflection upon Transley. Only—Zen had been in love with him, with him, Denslow Grant! Sooner or later she must discover the tragedy of that fact, and yet he told himself he was big enough to hope she might never discover it. It would be best, that she

CHAPTER X.—Zen comes to after several hours of unconsciousness to find herself in the dark with Grant. She has a sprained ankle and both horses have run away. So she sits, looking under a moon and tells their part lives. Grant, it appears, is a rich man's son who is seeking wealth in order to live his own life.

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he had grown to have considerable regard, on her own account, for this unusual girl who was not afraid of him. He had found that she was what he called "a good head." She could take a detached view; she was absolutely fair; she was not easily flustered. Her step had fallen into swing with his.

"You do not often visit our part of the city," she essayed.

"You live here?"

"Nearby. Will you come to see?"

He turned with her at a corner, and they went up a narrow street lying deep in dead leaves. Friendly domestic glimpses could be caught through unblinded windows.

"This is our home," she said, stopping before a little gate. Grant's eye followed the pathway to a cottage set back among the trees. "I live here with my sister and brother and mother. Father is dead," she went on hurriedly, as though wishing to place before him a quick digest of the family affairs, "and we keep up the home by living on with mother as boarders; that is, Grace and I do. Hubert is still in high school. Won't you come in?"

He followed her up the path and into a little hall, lighted only by chance rays falling through a half-opened door. She did not switch on the current, and Grant was aware of a comfortable sense of her nearness, quite distinct from any office experience, as she took his hat. In the living-room her mother received him with visible surprise. She was not old, but widowhood and the cares of a young family had whitened her hair before its time.

"We are glad to see you, Mr. Grant," she said. "It is an unexpected pleasure. Big business men do not often—"

"Mr. Grant is different," his daughter interrupted, lightly. "I found him wandering the streets and I just—retrieved him."

"I think I am different," he admitted, as his eye took in the surroundings, which he appraised quickly as modest comfort, attained through many little economies and makeshifts. "Phyllis is a great help to me—and Grace," the mother observed. "I hope she is a good girl in the office."

At this moment Grace and Hubert came in from the picture-show together, and the conversation turned to lighter topics. Mrs. Bruce insisted on serving tea and cake, and when Grant found that he must go Phyllis accompanied him to the gate.

"This all seems so funny," she was saying. "You are a very remarkable man."

"I think I once passed a similar opinion about you."

She extended her hand, and he held it for a moment. "I have not changed my first opinion," he said, as he released her fingers and turned quickly down the pavement.

CHAPTER XI

Grant's first visit to the home of his private stenographer was not his last, and the news leaked out, as it is sure to do in such cases. The social set confessed to being on the point of being shocked. Two schools of criticism developed; one held that Grant was a gay dog who would settle down and marry in his class when he had had his fling, and the other that Phyllis Bruce was an artful hussy who was quite ready to sell herself for the Grant millions. And there were so many eligible young women on the market, although none of them were described as artful hussies!

Grant's behavior, however, placed him under no cloud in so far as social opportunities were concerned; on the contrary, he found himself being showered with invitations, most of which he managed to decline on the grounds of pressure of business. When such an excuse would have been too transparent he accepted and made the best of it, and he found no lack of encouraging in the one or two inelegant amorous duresses which resulted. From such positions he always succeeded in extricating himself, with a quiet smile at the vagaries of life. He had to admit that some of the young women whom he had met had charms of more than passing moment; he might easily enough find himself chasing the rainbow.

But his attention was at once to be turned to very different matters. A stock market, erratic for some days, went suddenly into a paroxysm. Grant escaped with as little loss as possible for himself and his clients, and after three sleepless nights called his staff together. They crowded into the board-room, curious, apprehensive, almost frightened, and he looked over them with an emotion that was quite new to his experience. Even in the aloofness which their standards had made it necessary for him to adopt there had grown up in his heart, quite unnoticed, a tender, sweet foliage of love for these men and women who were a part of his machine. Now, as he looked in their faces he realized how, like little children, they leaned on him—how, like little children, they feared his power and his displeasure—how, perhaps, like little children, they had learned to love him, too. He realized, as he had never done before, that they were children; that here and there in the mass of humanity is one who was born to lead, but the great mass itself must be children always, doing as they are bid.

"My friends," he managed to say, "we suddenly find ourselves in tremendous times. Some of you know my attitude toward this business in which we are engaged. I did not seek it; I tried to avoid it; yet, when the responsibility was forced upon me I accepted that responsibility. I gave up

the life I enjoyed, the environment in which I found delight, the friends I loved. Well—our nation is now in a somewhat similar position. It has to go into a business which it did not seek, of which it does not approve, but which fate has thrust upon it. It has to break off the current of its life and turn it into undreamed-of channels, and we, as individuals who make up the nation, must do the same. I have already enlisted, and expect that within a few hours I shall be in uniform. Some of you are single men of military age; you will, I am sure, take similar steps. For the rest—the business will be wound up as soon as possible, so that you may be released for some form of national service. You will all receive three months' salary in lieu of notice. Mr. Murdoch will look after the details. When that has been done my wealth, or such part of it as remains, will be placed at the disposal of the government. If we win it will be well invested in a good cause; if we lose, it would have been lost anyway."

No one knew just how the meeting broke up, but Grant had a confused remembrance of many handshakes and some tears. He was not sure that he had not, perhaps, added one or two to the flow, but they were all tears of friendship and of an emotion born of high resolve.

As he stood in his own office again, trying to get the events of these last few days into some sort of perspective, Phyllis Bruce entered. He motioned dumbly to a chair, but she came and stood by his desk. Her face was very white and her lips trembled with the words she tried to utter.

"I can't go," she managed to say at length.

"Can't go? I don't understand?"

"Hubert has joined," she said.

"Hubert, the boy? Why, he is only in school—"

"He is sixteen, and large for his age. He came home confessing, and saying it was his first lie, and the first important thing he ever did without consulting mother. He said he knew he wouldn't be able to stand it if he told her first."

"Foolish, but heroic," Grant commented. "Be proud of him. It takes more than wisdom to be heroic."

"And Grace is going to England. She was taking nursing, you know, and so gets a preference. We can't all leave mother."

He found it difficult to speak. "You wanted to go to the front?" he managed.

"Of course; where else?"

Her hand was on the desk; his own slipped over until it closed on it.

"You are a little heroine," he murmured.

"No, I'm not. I'm a little fool to tell you this, but how can I stay—why should I stay—when you are gone?"

She was looking down, but after her confession she raised her eyes to his, and he wondered that he had never known how beautiful she was. He could have taken her in his arms, but something, with the power of invisible chains, held him back. In that supreme moment a vision swam before him; a vision of a mountain stream backed by tawny foothills, and a girl as beautiful as even this Phyllis, who, had wrapped him in her arms—and said, "We must go and forget." And he had not forgotten.

When he did not respond she drew herself slowly away. "You will hate me," she said.

"That is impossible," he corrected, quickly. "I am very sorry if I have let you think more than I intended. I care for you very, very much indeed. I care for you so much that I will not let you think I care for you more. Can you understand that?"

"Yes. You like me, but you love some one else."

He was disconcerted by her intuition and the terse frankness with which she stated the case.

"I will take you into my confidence. Phyllis, if I may," he said at length. "I do like you; I did love some one else. And that old attachment is still so strong that it would be hardly fair—it would be hardly fair—"

"Why didn't you marry her?" she demanded.

"Because some one else did."

"Oh?"

Her hands found his this time. "I'm sorry," she said. "Sorry I brought this up—sorry I raised these memories. But now you—who have known—will know—"

"I know—I know," he murmured, raising his fingers to his lips.

"Time, they say, is a healer of old wounds. Perhaps—"

"No. It is better that you should forget. Only, I shall see you off; I shall wave my handkerchief to you; I shall smile on you in the crowd. Then—you will forget."

Four years of war add only four years to the life of a man, according to the record in the family Bible, if he happen to spring from stock in which that sacred document is preserved. But four years of war add twenty years to the gray matter behind the eyes—eyes which learn to dream and ponder strangely, and sometimes to shine with a hardness that has no part with youth. When Captain Grant and Sergeant Linder stepped off the train at Grant's old city there was, however, little to suggest the ageing process that commonly went on among the soldiers in the great war. Grant had twice stopped an enemy bullet, but his fine figure and unburned health now gave no evidence of those experiences. Linder counted himself lucky to carry only an empty sledge.

They had fallen in with each other in France, and the friendship planted in the foothills of the range country had grown, through the strange coun-

ings and graftings of war, into a tree of very solid timber. Linder might have told you of the time his captain found him with his arm crushed under a wrecked piece of artillery, and Grant could have recounted a story of being dragged unconscious out of No Man's Land, but for either to dwell upon these matters only aroused the resentment of the other, and frequently led to exchanges between captain and sergeant totally incompatible with military discipline. They were content to pay tribute to each other, but each to leave his own honors undisturbed.

"First thing is a place to eat," Grant remarked, when they had been dismounted. Words to similar effect had, indeed, been his first remark upon every suitable opportunity for three months. An appetite which has been four years in the making is not to be satisfied overnight, and Grant, being better fortified financially against the stress of a good meal, sought to be always first to suggest it. Linder accepted the situation with the complacency of a man who has been four years on army pay.

"Got any notion what you will do?" said Linder, when the meal was finished.

"Not the slightest. I don't even know whether I'm rich or broke. I suppose if Jones and Murdoch are still alive they will be looking after those details. Doing their best, doubtless, to embarrass me with additional wealth. What are you going to do?"

"Don't know. Maybe go back and work for Transley."

The mention of Transley threw Grant's mind back into old channels. He had almost forgotten Transley. He told himself he had quite forgotten Zen Transley, but once he knew he lied. That was when they parted him

self alone. He took Linder to a hotel, where they arranged for lodgings, and then started on his search.

He located Murdoch without difficulty. It was now late, and the old clerk came down the stairs with inoffensive imprecations upon the head of his untimely caller, but his mutterings soon gave way to a cry of delight.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed, embracing him. "My dear boy—excuse me, sir, I'm a blithering old man, but oh! sir—my boy, you're home again! There was no doubting the depth of old Murdoch's welcome. He ran before Grant into the living-room and switched on the lights. In a moment he was back with his arm about the young man's shoulder; he was with difficulty restraining caresses.

"Sit you down, Mr. Grant; here—this chair—It's easier. I must get the women up. This is no night for sleeping. Why didn't you send us word?"

"There is a tradition that official word is sent in advance," Grant tried to explain.

"Aye, a tradition. There's a tradition that a Scotsman is a dour body, without any sentiment. Well—I must call the women."

He hurried up the stairs, and, returning, led in his wife, a motherly woman who almost kissed the young soldier. In the welcome of her greeting it was a moment before Grant became aware of the presence of a fourth person in the room.

"I am very glad to see you safely back," said Phyllis Bruce. "We have all been thinking about you a great deal."

"Why, Miss—Phyllis! It was you I was looking for!" The frank confession came before he had time to suppress it, and, having said so much, it seemed better to finish the job.

"Yes, Phyllis is making her home with us now," Mrs. Murdoch explained. "It is more convenient to her work."

Grant wondered how much of this arrangement was due to Mrs. Murdoch's sympathy for the bereaved girl, and how much to the addition which it made to the family income. No doubt both considerations had contributed to it.

"I called at your old home," he continued. "I needn't say how distressed I was to hear—The woman could tell me nothing of you, so I came to Murdoch, hoping—"

"Yes," she said simply, as though there were nothing more to explain. Grant noticed that her eyes were larger and her cheeks paler than they had been, but the delight of her presence leapt about him. Her hurried costume seemed to accentuate her beauty despite of all that war had done to destroy it. There was a silence which lengthened out. They were all groping for a footing.

Mrs. Murdoch met the situation by insisting that she would put on the kettle, and Mr. Murdoch, in a burst of almost divine inspiration, insisted that his wife was quite incompetent to light the gas alone at that hour of the night. When the old folks had slipped into the kitchen Grant found himself standing close to Phyllis Bruce.

"Why didn't you answer my letters?" he demanded, plunging to the issue with the directness of his nature.

"Because I had promised to let you forget," she replied. There was a softness in her voice which he had not noted in those bygone days; she seemed more resigned and yet more poised; the strange wizardry of suffering had worked new wonders in her soul. Suddenly, as he looked upon her, he became aware of a new quality in Phyllis Bruce—the quality of gentleness. She had added this to her unique self-confidence, and it had toned down the angularities of her character. To Grant, straight from his long exile from fine womanly domesticity, she suddenly seemed altogether captivating.

"But I didn't want to forget!" he insisted. "I wanted not to forget—you."

She could not misunderstand the emphasis he placed on that last word, but she continued as though he had not interrupted.

"I know you would write once or twice out of courtesy. I knew you would do that—I made up my mind that if you wrote three times, then I would know you really wanted to remember me. . . . I did not get any third letter."

"But how could I know that you had placed such a test—such an arbitrary measurement—upon my friendship?"

"It wasn't necessary for you to know. If you had cared enough—you would have kept on writing."

He had to admit to himself that there was just enough truth in what she said to make her logic unanswerable. His delight in her presence now did not alter the fact that he had found it quite possible to live for four years without her, and it was true that upon one or two great vital moments his mind had leapt, not to Phyllis Bruce, but to Zen Transley! He blushed at the recollection; it was an impossible situation, but it was true!

He was framing some plausible argument about honorable men not persisting in a correspondence when Murdoch hustled in again.

"Mother is going to set the dining-room table," he announced, "and the coffee will be ready presently. Well, sir, you do look well in uniform. You will be wondering how the business has gone?"

"Not half as much as I am wondering some other things," he said, with a significance intended for the ear of Phyllis.

"Come, Mr. Grant; come, everybody," a cheerful voice called from behind the sliding doors which shut off the dining-room. The fragrant smell of coffee was already in the air, and as Grant took his seat Mrs. Murdoch declared that for once she had

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"Oh, Miss Bruce, I Beg Your Pardon. I Am Glad to See You."

should forget him, as he had—almost—forgotten her. There was no doubt that would be best. And yet there was a delightful sadness in thinking of her still, and hoping that some day—He was never able to complete the thought.

He had been walking down a street of modest homes; the bare trees groped into a sky clear and blue with the first chill prelude of winter. A quick step fell unheeded by his side; the girl passed, hesitated, then turned and spoke.

"You are preoccupied, Mr. Grant."

"Oh, Miss Bruce, I beg your pardon. I am glad to see you." Even at that moment he had been thinking of Zen, and perhaps he put more cordiality into his words than he intended. But

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decided to defy all the laws of digestion.

At the table their talk dribbled out into thin channels. It was as though there were at hand a great reservoir of thought, of experience, of deep gropings into the very well-springs of life, which none of them dared to tap lest it should rush out and overwhelm them. They seemed in some strange awe of its presence, and spoke, when they spoke at all, of trivial things. Grant proved uncommunicative, and perhaps, in a sense, disappointing. He preferred to forget both the glories and the horrors of war; when he drew on his experience at all it was to relate some humorous incident. That, it seemed, was all he cared to remember. He was conscious of a restraint which hedged him about and hampered every mental development.

Phyllis, too, must have been conscious of that restraint, for before they parted she said something about human minds being like pianos, which get out of tune for lack of the master-touch.

When Grant found himself in the street again he was almost swallowed up in the rush of things which he might have said. He paused at a bridge to lean against the railing and watch the trembling reflection of city lights in the river.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed to the steel railing. "I have it!"

He paused for a moment to turn over his thought, as though to make sure it should not escape. Then, at a pace which aroused the wondering glance of one or two placid policemen, he hurried to the hotel.

Linder and Grant had been assigned to the same room, and the sergeant's dream, if he dreamt at all, were of the sweet hazy meadows of the West. Grant turned on the light and looked down into the face of his friend. A smile, born of fields afar from war's glories, was playing about his lips. Even in his excitement Grant could not help reflecting what a wonderful thing it is to sleep in peace. Then—"I have it!" he shouted. "Linder, I have it!"

The sergeant sat up with a start, blinking.

"I have it!" Grant repeated.

"Then, you mean," said Linder, suddenly awake, "Why, man, what's wrong with you? You're more excited than if we were just going over the top."

"I've got my great idea. I know what I'm going to do with my money." "Well, don't do it tonight," Linder protested. "Someone has to settle for this dugout in the morning."

"We're leaving for the West tomorrow, Linder, old scout."

But Linder was again sleeping the sleep of a man four years in France.

CHAPTER XII

The window was gray with the light of dawn before Grant's mind had calmed down enough for sleep. When Linder awoke him it was noon.

"You sleep well on your Big Idea," was his comment.

"No better than you did last night," retorted Grant, springing out of bed. "Let me see—yes, I still have it clearly. I'll tell you about it sometime, if you can stay awake. When do we eat?"

"Now, or as soon as you are presentable. I've a notion to give you three days' O.D. for appearing on parade in your pajamas."

"Make it a cash fine, sergeant, old dear, and pay it out of what you owe me. Now that that is settled order up a decent meal. I'll be shaved and dressed long before it arrives. You know this is a first-class hotel, where prompt service would not be tolerated."

As they ate together Grant showed no disposition to discuss what Linder called his Big Idea, nor yet to give any satisfaction in response to his companion's somewhat pointed references as to his doings of the night before.

"There are times, Linder," he said, "when my soul craves solitude. You, being a sergeant, and therefore having no soul, will not be able to understand that longing for contemplation."

"It's all right," said Linder. "I don't want her."

"Furthermore," Grant continued, "to-night I mean to resume my soliloquies, and your absence will be much in demand."

"The supply will be equal to the demand."

"Good! Here are some morsels of money. If you will buy our railway tickets and settle with the chief extortionist downstairs, I will join you at the night train going west."

Linder sprang to attention, gave a salute in which mock deference could not entirely obscure the respect he bore, and set about on his commissions. While Grant devoted the afternoon to a session with Murdoch and Jones, but it was noted that Grant's interest centered more in a certain telephone call than in the very gratifying financial statement which Murdoch was able to place before him. And it was probably as a result of that telephone call that a taxi drew up in front of Murdoch's home at exactly thirty minutes that evening and bore Miss

Phyllis Bruce and an officer wearing a captain's uniform in the direction of the best hotel in the city.

The living room was sweet with the perfume of flowers, and soft strains of music stole vaguely about its high arching pillars, mingling with the chatter of lovely women and of men to whom expense was no consideration.

Grant was conscious of a delicious sense of intimacy as he helped Phyllis remove her wraps and seated himself by her at a secluded corner table.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I don't make compliments for exercise, but you do look stunning tonight!"

A warmth of color lit up her cheek—he had noticed at Murdoch's how pale she was—and her eyes laughed back at him with some of their old-time vivacity.

"I am so glad," she said. "It seems almost like old times."

They gave their orders, and sat in silence through an overture. Grant was delighting himself simply in her presence, and guessed that for her part she could not retract the confession her love had wrung from her so long ago.

"There are some things which don't change, Phyllis," he said, when the orchestra had ceased.

She looked back at him with eyes moist and dreamy. "I know," she murmured.

There seemed no reason why Grant should not there and then have laid himself, figuratively, at her feet. And there was not any reason—only one. He wanted first to go West. He almost hoped that out there some light of disillusionment would fall about him; that some sudden experience would readjust his personality in accordance with the inevitable.

"I asked you to dine with me tonight," he heard himself saying, "for two reasons; first, for the delight of your exquisite companionship; and second, because I want to talk over with you some plans I have for the future. The fact is, I have been in a dilemma. I had that Murdoch, like the canny old Scot he is, has doubted my fortune during my little engagement overseas, and now I have to take up the reins again. But I am filled with the West. Do you know what I mean?"

"I have never lived in the West," said Phyllis, "but I think I can guess. You're homesick for it."

"That's it—homesick for it; for the smell of a thousand miles of grass, and sunny hillside dotted with cattle, and fellows who take you for what you are—or don't take you at all. A broker's life, no matter how successful, has nothing to offer which compares with that. It wasn't until last night that I saw it clearly, and then, all of a sudden, I knew what I was going to do."

Grant plunged into an explanation of what Linder had called his "Big Idea."



Grant Plunged into an Explanation of What Linder Had Called His "Big Idea."

Idea." He was going back to the ranching country to buy land and start a farm on a large scale. He believed he could make money out of it, but more attractive was the prospect of outdoor life and an opportunity to offer employment to many of the boys of his battalion who, upon their return home, had not found their fortunes doubled—if they had any fortunes to double. Besides, it would give him a chance to take care of Linder.

"You know, I've got to take care of Linder," he explained, "and it's a business that has to be done tactfully. In some respects Linder is as approachable as a porcupine. I can buy him a meal or so and get away with it, but if he thought I was supporting him out of charity he would start an insurrection. Now, I'm going to make him manager of the farm; the stars in their courses shaped him for just that job. As for me, I'll stay in the background. I want time to loaf and invite my soul."

They talked over many angles of the "Big Idea," and, even after he had talked himself out, Grant continued to sit at the little table, reveling in the happiness of a man who feels that he has been called to some purpose worth while. His companion hesitated to interrupt his thoughts; her somewhat drab business experience made her pessimistic toward all idealism, and yet she felt that here, surely, was a man who could carry almost any project through to success. The unique quality in him, which distinguished him from any other man she had ever known, was his complete un-

selfishness. In all his undertakings he sought no reward for himself; he was seeking only the common good.

"If all men were like you there would be no problems," she murmured, and while he could not accept the words quite at par they rang very pleasantly in his ears.

A movement among the diners reminded him of the flight of time, and with a glance at his watch he sprang up in surprise. "I had no idea the evening had gone!" he exclaimed. "I have just time to see you home and get back to catch my train."

He called a taxi and accompanied her to it. They seated themselves together, and the fragrance of her presence was very sweet about him. It would have been so easy to forget—all that he had been trying to forget—in the intoxication of such environment. Surely it was not necessary that he should go West—that he should see her again—in order to be sure.

"Phyllis," he breathed, "do you imagine I could undertake these things if I cared only for myself—if it were not that I longed for someone's approval—for someone to be proud of me? The strongest man is weak enough for that, and the strongest man is stronger when he knows that the woman he loves—"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she resisted, gently, firmly.

"You have made me think too much of you, Dennison," she whispered.

On the way West Grant gradually unfolded his plan to Linder, who accepted it with his customary stoicism.

"You are to go on with the physical work at once," he told him. "Buy the horses, tractors, machinery; break up the land, fence it, build the houses and barns; in short, you are to superintend everything that is done with muscle or its substitute. I will bring Murdoch out shortly to take charge of the clerical details and the general organization. As for myself, after I have bought the land and made the necessary funds available, I propose to keep out of the sunlight. I will be the heart of the undertaking; Murdoch will be the head, and you are to be the hands, and I hope you two conspirators won't give me palpitation."

Linder assented, inconspicuously. "What are you going to do?" he inquired.

"I'm going to buy a half section of my own land and farm if I feel like it."

The two friends discussed at great length the details of the Big Idea, and upon arrival in the West, Linder lost no time in preparing blueprints and charts descriptive of the improvements to be made on the land and the order in which the work was to be carried on. Grant bought a tract suitable to his purpose, and the wheels of the machine were set in motion. When this had been done Grant turned to the working out of his own individual experiment.

During the period in which these arrangements were being made it was inevitable that Grant should have heard more or less of Transley. He had not gone out of his way to seek information of the contractor, but it rather had been forced upon him. Transley's name was frequently heard in the offices of the business men with whom he had to do; it was mentioned in local papers with the regularly peculiar to celebrities in comparatively small centers. Transley, it appeared, had become something of a power in the land. Backed by old Y.D.'s capital, he had carried some rather daring ventures through to success. He had seized the pulchre moments following the outbreak of the war to buy heavily on the wheat and cattle markets, and increases in prices due to the world's demand for food had made him one of the wealthy men of the city. The desire of many young farmers to enlist had also afforded an opportunity to acquire their holdings for small considerations, and Transley had proved his patriotism by facilitating the ambitions of as many men in this position as came to his attention. The fact that even before the war ended the farms which he acquired in this way were worth several times the price he paid was only an incident in the transactions.

But no word of Transley's domestic affairs reached Grant, who told himself that he had ceased to be interested in them, but kept an alert ear nevertheless. It would seem that Transley rather eclipsed his wife in the public eye.

So Grant set about with the development of his own farm, and kept his mind occupied with it and with his larger experiment—except when it went flitting with thoughts of Phyllis Bruce. He had written to Murdoch to engage Phyllis at any price and bring her West with him. She would be needed in the new business. He had intimated that the change would be permanent, and that it might be well to bring the family.

He selected a farm where a ridge of foothills overlooked a broad valley receding into the mountains. The dealer had no idea of selling him this particular piece of land; they were bound for a half section farther up the slope when Grant stopped on the brow of the hill to feast his eyes on the scene that lay before him. It burst upon him with the unexpectedness peculiar to the foothill valleys; miles of gently undulating plain, lying apparently far below, but in reality rising in a sharp ascent toward the snow-capped mountains looking down silently through their gauze of blue-purple afternoon mist. At distances which even his trained eye would not attempt to compute lay little round lakes like silver coins on the surface of the prairie; here and there were dark green bluffs of spruce; to the right a ribbon of river, blue-green save where the rapids churned it white, and along its edge a fringe of

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-goods" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Katy cottonwoods; at vast intervals square black plots of plowed land like sections on a chessboard of the gods, and farm buildings cut so clear in the mountain atmosphere that the sense of space was lost and they seemed like child-houses just across the way.

Grant turned to his companion with an animation on his face which almost startled the prosaic dealer in real estate.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "We don't need to go any farther if you can sell me this."

"Sure I can sell you this," said the dealer, looking at him somewhat queerly. "That is, if you want it. I thought you were looking for a wheat farm."

The man's total lack of appreciation irritated Grant unreasonably. "What fills the belly," he retorted, "but sunsets keep alive the soul. What is the price?"

Again the dealer gave him a queer sidelong look, and made as though to argue with him, then suddenly seemed to change his purpose. Perhaps he reflected that strange things happened to the boys overseas.

"I'll get you the price in town," he said. "You are sure it will suit?"

"Suit? No king in Christendom has his palace on a site like this. I'd go round the world for it."

"You're the doctor," said the dealer, turning his ear.

Grant completed the purchase, ordered lumber for a house and barn, and engaged a carpenter to superintend the construction. It was one of his whims that he would do most of the work himself.

"I guess I'm rather a man of whims," he reflected, as he stood on the brow of the hill where the material for his buildings had been delivered. "It was a whim which first brought me West again. I have a whim about my buildings. I do not do as other people do, which is the unpardonable sin. To Linder I am a feater, to Murdoch a fanatic, to our friend the real estate dealer a fool; I even noticed my honest carpenter trying to ask me something about shell shock! Well—they're my whims, and I get an immense amount of satisfaction out of them."

The days that followed were the happiest Grant had known since childhood. The carpenter, a thin, twisted man, bowed with much labor at the bench, and answering to the name Peter, sold his services by the day and manifested a sympathy amounting to an indulgence toward the whims of his employer. So long as the wages were sure Peter cared not whether the house was finished this year or next—or not at all. He enjoyed Grant's cooking in the temporary workshop they had built; he enjoyed Grant's stories of funny incidents of the war which would crop out at unexpected moments, and which were always good for a new pipe and a few minutes' rest; he even essayed certain flights of his own, which showed that Peter was a creature not entirely without humor. He developed an appreciation of scenery; he would stand for long intervals gazing across the valley. Grant was not deceived by these little devices, but he never took Peter to task for his loitering. "If the old dodger isn't quite paying his way now, no doubt he has more than paid it many times in the past," he mused. "This is an occasion upon which to temper justice with mercy."

But it was in the planning and building of the house he found his real delight. He laid it out on very modest lines, as became the amount of money he was prepared to spend. It was to be a single-story bungalow, with veranda round the south and west

The living-room ran across the south side; into its east wall he built a capacious fireplace, with narrow slits of windows to right and left, and in the western wall were deep French windows commanding the magic of the view across the valley. The dining-room, too, faced to the west, with more French windows, to let in sun and soul. The kitchen was to the east, and off the kitchen lay Grant's bedroom, facing also to the east, as he comes a man who rises early for his day's labor. And then facing the west, and opening off the dining-room, was what he was pleased to call his whim-room.

The idea of the whim-room came upon him as he was working out plans on the smooth side of a board, and thinking about things in general, and a good deal about Phyllis Bruce, who had just arrived from the East, and wondering if he should ever run across her again. It struck him all of a sudden, as had the Big Idea that night when he was on his way home from Murdoch's house. He worked it out surreptitiously, not allowing even old Peter to see it until he had made it into his plan, and then he described it just as the whim-room. But it was to be by all means the best room in the house; special finishing and flooring lumber were to be bought for it; the fireplace had to be done in a peculiarly delicate tile; the French windows must be high and wide and of the most brilliant transparency.

The ring of the saw, the trill of the plane, the thwack of the hammer, were very pleasant music in his ears. Day by day he watched his dwelling grow with the infinite joy of creating, and night after night he crept with Peter into the workshop and slept the sleep of a man tired and contented. In the long summer evenings the sunlight hung like a champagne curtain over the mountains even after bedtime, and Grant had to cut a hole in the wall of the shed that he might watch the dying colors of the day fade from crimson to purple to blue on the tasteless of cloud-wraith floating in the western sky. At times Linder and Murdoch would visit him to report progress on the Big Idea, and the three would sit on a bench in the half-built house, sweet with the fragrance of new sawdust, and smoke placidly while they determined matters of policy or administration.

Grant was almost sorry when the house was finished. "There's so much more enjoyment in doing things than in merely possessing them after they're done," he philosophized to Linder. "I think that must be the secret of the peculiar fascination of the West. The East, with all its culture and conveniences and beauty, can never win a heart which has once known the West. That is because in the East all the obvious things are done, but in the West they are still to do."

"You should worry," said Linder. "You still have the plowing."

"Yes, and as soon as the stable is finished I am going to buy four horses and get to work."

"I supposed you would use a tractor."

"Not this time. I can admire a piece of machinery, but I can't love it. I can love horses."

"You'll be housing them in the whim-room," Linder remarked dryly, and had to jump to escape the hammer which his chief shied at him.

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Containing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 50 per cent less than our regular prices. These we do in order to make room for new Spring and Summer styles, which we receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee to make-up our goods to be the best any to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

her. As he sat on his steel seat and watched the colter cut the firm soft with brittle cracking sound as it snapped the tough roots of the wild roses, or, looking back, saw the regular terraces of shiny black mold which marked his progress, he felt that he was engaged in a rite of almost sacramental significance.

"To take a substance straight from the hand of the Creator and be the first in all the world to impose a human will upon it is surely an occasion for solemnity and thanksgiving," he soliloquized. "How can anyone be so gross as to see only materialism in such work as this? Surely it has something of fundamental religion in it! Just as from the soil springs all physical life, may it not be that deep down in the soil are, some way, the roots of the spiritual? The soil feeds the city in two ways: it fills its belly with material food, and it is continually revitalizing its spirit with fresh streams of energy which can come only from the land. Up from the soil comes life, all progress, all development."

At that moment Grant's plowshare struck a submerged boulder, and he was dumped precipitately into that element which he had been so generously apostrophizing. The well-trimmed horses came to a stop as he gathered himself up, none the worse, and regained his seat.

"That was a spill," he commented. "Ditched not only myself, but my whole train of thought. Never mind; perhaps I was dangerously close to the development of a new whim, and I am well supplied in that particular already. Hello, whom have we here?"

The horses had come to a stop a short distance before the end of the furrow, and Grant, glancing ahead, saw immediately in front of them a little clump of four or five obstructing the way. He stood astride of the furrow with widespread legs bridging the distance from the virgin prairie to the upturned sod. He was hatless, and curls of silky yellow hair fell about his round, bright face. His hands were stuck unobtrusively in his trouser pockets.

"Well, son, what's the news?" said Grant, when the two had measured each other for a moment.

"I got braces," the boy replied proudly. "Don't you see?"

"Why, so you have!" Grant exclaimed. "Come around here until I see them better."

So encouraged, the little chap commenced skipping around the horses, and exhibited his braces for Grant's admiration. But he had already become interested in another subject.

"Are these your horses?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Will they bite?"

"Why, no. I don't believe they would. They have been very well brought up."

"What do you call them?"

"This one is Prince, on the left, and the others are Queen, and King, and Knave. I call him Knave because he's always scheming, trying to get out of his share of the work, and I make him walk on the plowed land, too."

"That serves him right," the boy declared. "What's your name?"

"Why—what's yours?"

"Wilson."

"Wilson what?"

"Just Wilson."

"What does your mother call you?"

"Just Wilson. Sometimes daddy calls me Bill."

"Oh."

"What's your name?"

"Call me The Man on the Hill."

"Do you live on the hill?"

"Yes."

"Is that your house?"

"Yes."

"Did you make it?"

"Yes."

"All yourself?"

"No. Peter helped me."

"Who's Peter?"

"He is the man who helped me."

"Oh!"

These credentials exchanged, the boy fell silent, while Grant looked down upon him with a whimsical admixture of humor and tenderness. Suddenly, without a word, the boy dashed as fast as his legs could carry him to the end of the field, and plunged into a clump of bushes. In a moment he emerged with something brown and chubby in his arms.

"He's my teddy," he said to Grant. "He was watching in the bushes to see if you were a nice man."

"And am I?" Grant was tempted to ask.

"Yes." There was no evasion about Wilson. He approved of his new acquaintance, and said so.

"Let us give teddy a ride on Prince?"

"Let's!"

Grant carefully arranged teddy on the horse's hames, and the boy clapped his hands with delight.

"Now let us all go for a ride. You will sit on my knee, and teddy will drive Prince."

He took the boy carefully on his knee, driving with one hand and holding him in place with the other. The little body resting confidently against

Continued on page 6.

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MRS. J. M. THOMPSON

Champ Clark's Daughter
Looming Up in Politics



Mrs. James M. Thompson, daughter of the late Champ Clark of Missouri, who looms as the possible successor to the late Congressman Garland Dupre of Louisiana.

OVER 100 KNOWN DEAD
IN AMALFI LANDSLIDE

Thousands-Homeless and Many Missing May Yet Be Numbered Among Killed.

Salerno, Italy.—More than 100 persons are known to have perished in the landslides which occurred in the region surrounding Amalfi. Thousands of persons have been rendered homeless. Many people of the region are missing, but whether they are dead, or whether they have made their escape and are fearful of returning, cannot be ascertained.

The torrential rainfall made more acute the plight of those left without shelter. The landslides have left Amalfi practically surrounded by debris. Everywhere are to be seen the wreckage of houses and huge rocks and uprooted trees which were in the path of the moving earth.

When the landslides started along a tract of 800 yards, the noise resembled that of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Therefore, there was timely warning to many of the inhabitants and the visitors in the hotels to make good their escape.

Throughout the winter there have been extremely heavy falls of rain, the water filtering through the farms and vineyards; many of which were artificially constructed by years of patient work along the rocky coast. Therefore, when the cloudburst struck the region yesterday the flood had given way and carried all before it, even along a stretch of the coast road which the inhabitants called "a little strip of heaven let down to earth."

In the crash along the coast the beautiful terraces, vineyards and olive groves which seem to hang between sky and sea along the Amalfi shore fell into the water. Corpses from the villages and the isolated cottages overhanging the coast are floating in the sea, together with uprooted trees and torn-out vegetation.

WORLD NEWS IN
CONDENSED FORM

BRIDGTON, N. J.—Aged Benjamin Dickson testifies against son on trial in Bridgeton, for the murder of his daughter, Emma.

SIOUX FALLS.—Johnson leads Coolidge by 1,743 votes in 1,834 out of 1,815 precincts in South Dakota.

ROME.—The final and most dramatic act in the ceremony of raising Cardinals Hayes and Mundelein to princes of the church took place in the vast basilica of St. Peter in the presence of more than 6,000 persons.

NEW YORK.—Liggett's Times Building drug store Broadway's premiere meeting place, has been closed.

LONDON.—French backers of the favorite in the Lincolnshire Handicap are estimated to have won \$5,000,000 when Sir Galahad III, a French horse was ridden to victory by Frank O'Neill, the American jockey. Sir Galahad finished three lengths ahead in a field of twenty-seven. An enormous crowd witnessed and cheered the victory.

OTTAWA.—Canada is prepared to recognize the Soviet government of Russia "in the best interests of both countries." Premier King wrote A. Yaskoff, agent in Montreal of the Russian government.

MILWAUKEE.—Dr. William F. Malone died while performing a major operation. An assistant completed the operation.

ROME.—Italy's air force has been built up to a point that gives her authorities confidence of her ability to hold her own defensively in this field of military activity.

EBERBACH, Baden.—Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the American draft evader, left here for an unknown destination. As he carried considerable luggage, it is generally assumed he is quitting Germany for the United States.

VETERAN BUREAU
BUDGET SLASHED

Committee Report on House Also Gets Shipping Board Appropriation \$20,607,500.

OTHER ITEMS ARE REDUCED

Total for Independent Offices is \$103,384,486 Less Than 1923 Grant—For Medical and Hospital Services, \$42,000,000.

Washington.—A sharp reduction in expenditures by the Veterans' Bureau, the Shipping Board and several other government agencies is proposed in the independent offices appropriation bill reported in the House. The measure carries \$398,496,990, or \$103,384,486 less than last year's appropriations and \$241,741 less than budget estimates.

Of the total \$349,045,000 would go to the Veterans' Bureau, a reduction of \$98,888,036 under a year ago. The Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation would be allotted \$30,344,000, or \$20,607,500 less than the last bill carried.

The bill provides \$75,000 for President Coolidge's salary, \$25,000 for his traveling expenses, \$93,520 for salaries and \$37,000 for contingent expenses in the executive offices and \$55,540 for the pay of the White House police.

Other items include \$225,000 for the Allen Property Custodian's office, \$47,115 for the Civil Service Commission, \$2,850,000 for the Employees' Compensation Commission, \$3,724,613 for the general accounting office, \$503,100 for the Housing Corporation, \$4,262,234 for the Interstate Commerce Commission, \$440,000 for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, \$322,000 for the Railroad Labor Board, \$799,051 for the Smithsonian Institution and \$631,890 for the Tariff Commission.

The committee wrote out of the bill a provision that no money can be expended for reconditioning a Shipping Board vessel at a cost of more than \$100,000 until government navy yards or arsenals have an opportunity to bid for the work.

Shipping Board salaries, too, were slashed down. The bill provides that only one official can be paid more than \$25,000 a year, two more than \$20,000 and four more than \$15,000.

The bill carries \$85,000,000 for compensation to war veterans and \$88,000,000 for insurance.

For medical and hospital services \$42,000,000 was recommended, with a provision that \$2,048,000 is to be expended during the coming year for improvement at the following hospitals:

Palo Alto, Calif., \$207,190; Washington, D. C., \$100,253; Waukegan, Wis., \$257,000; Fort Bayard, New Mexico, \$23,865; Helena, Mont., \$100,000; Dawson Springs, Ky., \$32,738; the Bronx, N. Y., \$326,000; Walla Walla, Wash., \$40,000; Sheridan, Wyo., \$125,000; Rutland, Vt., \$517,932; Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, \$119,000; Legion, Tex., \$5,000; Lake City, Fla., \$115,000, and Tuskegee, Ala., \$30,000.

The bill provides \$39,000,000 for vocational rehabilitation, \$1,243,000 less than last year's appropriation. The decrease, the committee's report explained, is due to the closing of schools and getting men out of training and into employment.

In its report the committee said that out 500,000 insurance policies of the 4,500,000 taken out by service men and women during the war are still in force. The committee estimated that due to the decrease in receipts from premiums more than \$90,000,000 a year will have to be appropriated for payment of term insurance for the next seventeen years.

The varying bonus estimates so far submitted to the Senate Finance Committee have thrown it into confusion, and one submitted by Herbert Hess, Actuary of the American Legion, placed the House bill cost at \$3,300,000,000, as compared with the Treasury estimate of \$4,850,000,000 and the Veterans' Bureau total of \$2,119,000,000.

So the committee has asked the War and Navy Departments for the number of veterans entitled to the bonus and the average length of service, and with these basic facts will make up its own computations tomorrow.

BORAH FOR ARMS CONFERENCE

Senator to Call Up Resolution at First Opportunity

Washington.—Senator Borah, Republican, Idaho, offers a joint resolution in the Senate requesting the President to invoke "such national as he deems wise" to send representatives to a combined economic and disarmament conference in Washington. Senator Borah asked that the proposal lie on the table for the present. He said he would call it up at the first opportunity.

STATE FIGHTS TO SAVE CATTLE

California Seeks to Prevent More Hoof and Mouth Outbreaks.

San Francisco.—Officials in charge of the campaign against the hoof and mouth disease in California expressed confidence that no particular danger was to be feared from the cases discovered in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and went ahead with plans to prevent fresh outbreaks in the state. The Department of Agriculture issued a statement saying the utmost precautions must be taken.

JOHN C. SHAFFER

Editor Testified in
Teapot Dome Scandal



John C. Shaffer, owner of the Chicago Evening Post, the Rocky Mountain News of Denver, and other Western newspapers, who told the senate committee he received gifts in money and oil in connection with the Teapot Dome lease.

LANGLEY INDICTED
FOR WHISKEY PLOT

Federal Grand Jury Cites Republican Congressman for Alleged \$100,000 Conspiracy.

Washington.—John W. Langley, who is entering upon his eighteenth year as Republican Representative from the Tenth District of Kentucky, was indicted on two charges of conspiracy to interfere with the operations of the Federal Government in its endeavors to enforce the prohibition act.

It is charged that Representative Langley, in consideration of his alleged efforts with former Prohibition Commissioner John F. Kramer, was to receive, or did receive, the sum of \$50,000.

In one indictment handed down by the grand jury, Langley is named as the only defendant. The second indictment is returned against Langley, Millard F. West, Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Russell M. Sackett, a prohibition agent in the State of Pennsylvania; Ben L. Moses and Harry Sattler, co-partners, trading as the Union Drug Company of Pittsburgh, and Sidney Reis, who is described as engaged in the business of procuring liquor for clients.

Representative Langley's indictment on charges that are now being made the subject of investigations by a special committee, created a profound sensation among members of the House. The announcement was made that this development in the case would in no way affect the course of the committee named to investigate allegations that "two members of Congress" had engaged in corrupt practices. The special committee has been following with great care the proceedings before the grand jury and it is understood was not surprised by the action taken.

It is further alleged that Representative Langley and the five other defendants named combined to defraud the Government of taxes about to be come due.

LATEST EVENTS
AT WASHINGTON

At Jennings tells oil committee that Jake Hamon told him of plans to nominate Warren G. Harding at Chicago in 1920, and it had cost Hamon \$1,000,000.

Three aircraft prosecutions blocked, Senate testifies.

Democratic Senators, unable to agree on surtax, postpone tax decision.

The administration immigration bill carrying a 2 per cent quota on the basis of the 1910 census was reported to the Senate.

The immigration committee. The present bill provides a 3 per cent quota on the same basis.

Daugherty refuses gun-running evidence, and House committee plans demand on Coolidge.

Secretary Mellon accepted the resignation of Clarence C. Chase, son-in-law of Albert B. Fall, as collector of customs at El Paso, Texas.

William Randolph Hearst conferred for an hour with President Coolidge. Coolidge supporters claim he will have enough instructed delegates by April 15 to assure his nomination.

Five men friends of Daugherty and Smith made \$33,000,000 in a few days in Sinclair Oil, Roxie Stinson testifies.

Coolidge names commission to study means for conserving nation's oil. Political scouts report voters throughout the country enraged against Congress.

The House ordered investigations of the aircraft industry and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The demand for the immediate arrest of Harry F. Sinclair, "to be held in common jail until willing to testify" before the oil committee and adoption of a resolution suggesting that the House impeach C. C. Chase, son-in-law of A. B. Fall, featured Senate proceedings.

DAUGHERTY QUILTS
UNDER PROTEST

Justice Department Head's Defiance of Senat Is Formal Ground Upon Which Coolidge Acts

AT ODDS ON SECRET FILES

Coolidge Could Not Agree to Refusal to Give Them to the Senate Committee.—Ousted Official Protests "Surrender" to Critics in Congress.

Washington.—Upon the request of President Coolidge, Attorney General Daugherty resigned from the Cabinet. The resignation was made immediately effective at the Attorney-General's request, and he left the city at once for a brief rest at Atlantic City.

The reason assigned by President Coolidge for requesting Daugherty's resignation was that developments in the Senate investigation of his office made it conclusive that Daugherty could no longer serve in a "disinterested" capacity as Attorney-General while affairs in his department were being investigated.

The specific incident which caused the President to arrive at this conclusion was given in his letter to be Daugherty's action in refusing the request of the Senate committee for records concerning charges of gun-running on the Mexican border.

The President, in his letter demanding the resignation, took the position that the Attorney-General should not have acted in such a matter without having first conferred with him about it.

These reasons were stated so plainly and directly in the President's letter that the Attorney-General was given no alternative but to write out his resignation and dispatch it by messenger to the White House.

The President's letter contained 700 words. Daugherty's reply, sent from the Department of Justice, was only sixty words in length.

After submitting his resignation, however, the Attorney-General issued a long statement in which he complained that the summary action against him was both unfair and unjust. He pointed out that the demand for his resignation was "untimely," in that the Senate investigators had listened only to "rumors and innuendo" against him, and that he should not have been asked to quit the Cabinet until he had had an opportunity to make a defense of these charges.

The President's request for the resignation and its immediate result brought to an end a critical situation in the Cabinet, which has existed practically since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House. There has been constant pressure upon him by Republican leaders, including Senators Lodge, Pepper, Borah and others, to make a change in the Attorney-Generalship. Many of these persuasions have been purely political considerations, practically non upon personal grounds or because of any personal dislike of the incumbent.

This pressure to bring about Daugherty's effacement from the Cabinet was accentuated by the evidence developed in the Teapot Dome investigation and in the inquiry by the Brookhart committee into the Attorney-General's own department.

President Coolidge resisted all these efforts to cause him to take summary action against Daugherty, his position being firm that he would not seek the removal of any one while under fire. It is understood that the President was reluctant to act up to the last moment, but was finally convinced that the action of the Attorney-General in defying the investigating committee without taking counsel with the White House made the change imperative.

Solicitor General James M. Beck is now Acting Attorney General.

Mr. Daugherty is a candidate for Coolidge delegate at large in the Ohio primaries April 29. The placing of Mr. Daugherty's name on the ticket was approved by the President himself on February 23 while the storm clouds were gathering about the head of the Attorney General, and there is some speculation in Washington as to whether Mr. Daugherty will go before the Ohio electors as a Coolidge delegate at large.

CUTICURA HEALS
HARD PIMPLES

All Over Face. Hardly Slept. Troubled 6 Months.

"I was troubled with pimples all over my face. The pimples were hard and red and scaled over. They hurt badly when touched and my face was disfigured. Most of the time I could not sleep. The trouble lasted six or seven months."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It helped me so I purchased more and in a few weeks I was completely healed." (Signed) Charles Tarvin, 1536 Tremont St., Roxbury, Mass., July 10, 1923.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume are called for daily toilet purposes.

Sample Free by Mail Address: "Cuticura Laboratories," Dept. 51, Malden St., Mass. Sold everywhere. Keep bottle. Cuticura Soap 15c. Cuticura Ointment 15c. Cuticura Talcum 15c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

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PARAGRAPHS FOR
THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest
From the Six States

Announcement is made that the corner stone of the \$1,000,000 Masonic Temple being erected by the Masonic bodies of Springfield, Mass., will be laid on St. John's Day, June 24.

James C. Boyd was elected president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce at a meeting of the board of governors. Edmund H. McDonald was re-elected executive secretary.

A Hartford insurance company has insured the peach crop of growers represented in the Georgia Peach Growers Exchange. Weather, crop transportation and fire hazards are covered.

Forty-eight horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed a stable in the Roxbury district, Boston. Patrolmen rescued 12 other horses. The damage was placed at \$25,000.

Application for extension of the Aroostook Valley Railroad from New Sweden, a distance of twenty-seven miles to St. Agatha, Maine, has been made to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"The Witch House," Salem's oldest building, in which in 1692 Jonathan Corwin, one of the "witch judges," conducted his investigations and trials, was damaged by fire. The blaze, originating in a laundry in an annex, broke through into the garret of "The Witch House," seriously damaging many relics stored there and resulting in smoke and water damage to the rest of the building. A portion of the roof was burned away.

Bishop Edwin A. Hughes was unanimously re-elected Bishop of the New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the organization meeting of the 24th conference held in Providence, R. I., last week.

Newcastle, Maine, is looking forward to a busier season, this summer, since Israel Snow of Rockland has leased the Newcastle shipbuilding plant and will operate a mill and shop there. His first order will be the construction of a fifty-foot fishing vessel for a Rockland party.

Forty years ago the first telephone line between Boston and New York was opened. Today there are over 60 telephone circuits connecting the two cities, over which nearly 2500 calls are made daily. The opening of that line on March 27, 1884, was an important event in long distance telephony.

WOULD BROADCAST SENATE

Resolution Affecting Both Houses of Congress Goes Over.

Washington.—A proposal that the Senate and House chambers be equipped with radio broadcasting apparatus was made in a resolution which was offered by Senator Howell, Republican, Nebraska.

Immediate consideration of the resolution was blocked by Senator Curtis, Republican, Kansas, who expressed the terse opinion that "it had better go over."

5,000 ON 42-HOUR BASIS

N. Y. Manufacturers and Garment Workers Agree on Terms.

New York.—As a result of a contract signed by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Associated Manufacturers 5,000 ornamental workers on women's clothes, until recently unorganized, are now on a 42-hour weekly basis.

A minimum of \$50 a week for tuckers, \$15 for pleaters, \$30 for hemstitchers and \$30 for novelty workers is provided.

(Continued from Page 3)

His side was a new experience for Grant.

"We must drive carefully," he remarked. "Here and there are big stones hidden in the grass. If we were to hit one it might jump us off."

The little boy chuckled. "Nothing could jump you off," he said.

Grant reflected that such implicit and unwarranted confidence implied a great responsibility, and he drove with corresponding care. A mishap now might ruin this very delightful little bud of hero-worship.

They turned the end of the furrow with a fine single of loose trace-chains, and Prince trotted a little on account of being on the outer edge of the semicircle. The boy clapped his hands again as teddy bounced up and down on the great shoulders.

"Have you a little boy?" he asked, when they were started again.

"Why, no," Grant confessed, laughing at the question.

"Why?"

"There was no erasing this childish inquisitor. He had a way of pursuing a subject to bedrock.

"Well, you see, I've no wife."

"No mother?"

"No—no wife. You see—"

"But I have a mother—"

"Of course, and she is your daddy's wife. You see they have to have that—"

Grant found himself getting into deep water, but the sharp little intellect had cut a corner and was now ahead of him.

"Then I'll be your little boy," he said, and, clambering up to Grant's shoulder, pressed a kiss on his cheek. In a sudden burst of emotion Grant brought his team to a stop and clasped the little fellow in both his arms. For a moment everything seemed misty.

"And I have lived to be thirty-two years old and have never known what this meant," he said to himself.

"Daddy's hardly ever home, anyway," the boy added, naively.

"Where is your home?"

"Down beside the river. We live there in summer."

And so the conversation continued and the acquaintanceship grew as man and boy piled back and forth on their mile-long furrow. At length it occurred to Grant that he should send Wilson home; the boy's long absence might be occasioning some uneasiness. They stopped at the end of the field and carefully removed teddy from his place of prestige, but just at that moment a horsefly buzzing about caused Prince to stamp impatiently, and the big hoof came down on the boy's foot. Wilson went up a cry proportionate to the possibilities of the occasion, and Grant in alarm tore off the boot and stocking. Fortunately the soil had been soft, and the only damage done was a slight bruise across the upper part of the foot.

"There, there," said Grant, soothingly, caressing the injury with his fingers. "It will be all right in a minute. Prince didn't mean to do it, and besides, I've seen much worse than that at this war."

At the mention of the war the boy suspended a cry half-uttered.

"Were you at the war?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Did you kill 'em in the tunnel?"

"We'll talk about that tomorrow. Now you hop up on my shoulders, and I'll tie the horses and then carry you home."

He followed the boy's directions until they led him to a path running among pleasant trees down by the river. Presently he caught a glimpse of a cottage in a little open space, its brown-shingled walls almost smothered in a riot of sweet peas.

"That's our house. Don't you like it?" said the boy, who had already forgotten his injury.

"I think it is splendid." And Grant, taking his young charge from his shoulder, stepped up on to the porch and knocked at the screen door.

In a moment it was opened by Zen Transley.

made them, of all the people in the world, near neighbors in this silent valley. Her surprise on meeting him at the door had been as genuine as his. When she had made sure that the boy was not seriously hurt she had turned to him, and instinctively he had known that there were some things which all the weight of passing years can never crush entirely dead. He loved to rehearse her words, her gestures, the quick play of sympathetic emotions, as one by one he reviewed them.

"You! I am surprised—I had not known—"

She had become confused in her greeting, and a color that she would have given worlds to suppress crept slowly through her cheeks.

"I am surprised, too—and, delighted," he had returned. "The little boy came to me in the field, boasting of his braves." Then they had both laughed, and she had asked him to come in and tell about himself.

The living-room, as he recalled it, was marked by the stolidity appropriate to the summer home, with just a dash of elegance in the furnishings to suggest that simplicity was a matter of choice and not of necessity. After soothing Wilson's soles, which had broken out afresh in his mother's arms, she had turned him over to a maid and drawn a chair convenient to Grant's.

"You see, I am a farmer now," he said, apologetically regarding his overalls.

"What changes have come! But I don't understand; I thought you were rich—very rich—and that you were promoting some kind of settlement scheme. Frank has spoken of it."

"All of which is true. You see, I am a man of whims. I choose to live joyously."

"I know." And it was then that their eyes had met and they had fallen into a momentary silence.

"But why are you farming?" she had exclaimed, brightly.

"For several reasons. But most of all because I love the prairies and the open life. It's my whim, and I follow it."

"You are very wonderful," she had murmured. And then, with startling directness, "Are you happy?"

"As happy as I have any right to be. Happier than I have been since childhood."

She had risen and walked to the mantelpiece; then, with an apparent change of impulse, she had turned and faced him. He had noted that her figure was rounder than in girlhood, her complexion paler, but the sunlight still danced in her hair, and her reckless force had given way to a poise that suggested infinite resources of character.

"Frank has done well, too," she had said.

"So I have heard. I am told that he has done very well indeed."

"He has made money, and he is busy and excited over his pursuit of success—what he calls success. He has given it his life. He thinks of nothing else—"

She had stopped suddenly, as though her tongue had trapped her into saying more than she had intended.

"What do you think of my summer home?" she had exclaimed, abruptly. "Come out and admire the sweet peas," and with a gay little flourish she had led him into the garden. "They tell me Western flowers have a brilliance and a fragrance which the East, with all its advantages, cannot duplicate. Is that true?"

"I believe it is. The East has greater profusion—more varieties—but the individual qualities do not seem to be as well developed."

"I see you know something of Eastern flowers," she had said, and he fancied he had caught a note of baiting—or was it inquiry?—in her voice. Then, with another abrupt change of subject, she had made him describe his house on the hill. But he had said nothing of the whirlwind.

"I must go," he had exclaimed at length. "I left the horses tied in the field."

"So you must. I shall let Wilson visit you frequently, if he is not a trouble."

Then she had chosen a couple of blooms and placed them on his coat, laughingly overruling his protest that they consorted poorly with his costume. And she had shaken hands and said good-by in the manner of good friends parting.

The more Grant thought of it the more he was convinced that in her case, as in his own, the years had failed to extinguish the spark kindled in the foothills that night so long ago. He reminded himself continually that she was Transley's wife, and even while granting the irrevocability of that fact he was demanding to know why Fate had created for them both an atmosphere charged with mysterious possibilities. He had turned her words over again and again, reflecting upon the abrupt angles her speech had taken. In their few minutes' conversation three times she had made a sudden tack of safer subjects. What had she meant by that reference to Eastern and Western flowers? His answer reminded him how well he knew. And the confession about her husband, the worshiper of success—what he calls success—how much tragedy lay under those light words?

The valley was filled with shadow, and the level rays of the setting sun fell on the young man's face and splashed the hilltops with gold and saffron as within his heart raged the age-old battle. . . . But as yet he felt none of its wounds. He was conscious only of a wholly irrational delight.

As the next forenoon passed Grant found himself glancing with increasing frequency toward the end of the field where the little boy might be expected



"I Must Go," He Had Exclaimed at Length.

to appear. But the day wore on without sign of his young friend, and the furrows which he had turned so joyously at nine were dragging leadenly at eleven. He had not thought it possible that a child could so quickly have won a way to his affections. He fell to wondering as to the cause of the boy's absence. Had Zen, after a night's reflection, decided that it was wiser not to allow the acquaintance to develop? Had Transley, returning home, placed his veto upon it? Or—and his heart paused at this prospect—had the foot been more seriously hurt than they had supposed? Grant told himself that he must go over that night and make inquiry. That would be the neighborly thing to do.

But early that afternoon his heart was delighted by the sight of a little figure skipping joyously over the furrows toward him. He had his hat crumpled in one hand, and his teddy-bear in the other, and his face was alive with excitement. He was puffing profusely when he pulled up beside the plow, and Grant stopped the team while he got his breath.

"My! My! What is the hurry? I see the foot is all better."

"We got a pig!" the lad gasped, when he could speak.

"A pig?"

"Yessir! A live one, too! He's awful big. A man brought him in a wagon. That is why I couldn't come this morning."

Grant treated himself to a humble reflection upon the wisdom of childish preferences.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Eat him up, I guess. Daddy said there was enough wasted about our house to keep a pig, so we got one. Aren't you going to take me up?"

"Of course. But first we must put teddy in his place."

"I'm to go home at five o'clock," the boy said, when he had got properly settled.

The hours slipped by all too quickly, and if the lad's presence did not contribute to good plowing, it at least made a cheerful plowman. It was plain that Zen had sufficient confidence in her farmer neighbor to trust her boy in his care, and his frequent references to his mother had an interest for Grant which he could not have analyzed or explained. During the afternoon the merits of the pig were sung and re-sung, and at last Wilson, after kissing his friend on the cheek and whispering, "I like you, Uncle Man-on-the-Hill," took his teddy bear under his arm and plodded homeward.

The next morning he came again, but mournfully and slow. There were tear stains on the little round cheeks.

"Why, son, what has happened?" said Grant, his abundant sympathies instantly responding.

"Teddy's spoiled," the child sobbed.

"I set him—on the side of—the pig pen, and he fell'd in, and the big pig ate him—ate him—up. He didn't exactly eat him up, either—just kind of chewed him, like."

"Well that certainly is too bad. But then, you're going to eat the pig some day, so that will square it, won't it?"

"I guess it will," said the boy, brightening. "I never thought of that."

"But we must have a teddy for Prince. See, he is looking around, waiting for it. Grant folded his coat into the shape of a dummy and set it upon the hames, and all went merrily again.

That afternoon, which was Saturday, the boy came thoughtfully and with an air of much importance. Delving into a pocket he produced an envelope, somewhat crumpled in transit. It was addressed, "The Man-on-the-Hill."

Grant tore it open eagerly and read this note:

"Dear Man-on-the-Hill: That is the name Wilson calls you, so perhaps you will let me use it, too. Frank is to be home tomorrow, and will you come and have dinner with us at six? My father and mother will be here, and possibly one or two others. You had a clash with my men-folk once, but you will find them ready enough to make allowance for, even if they fail to understand your point of view. Do come."

ZEN.

"P.S.—It just occurs to me that your associates in your colonization scheme may want to claim your time on Sunday. If any of them come out, bring them along. Our table is an extension one, and its capacity has

never yet been exhausted."

Although Grant's decision was made at once he took some time for reflection before writing an acceptance. He was to enter Zen's house on her invitation, but under the auspices, so to speak, of husband and parents. That was eminently proper. Zen was a sensible girl. Then there was a reference to that ancient squabble in the hay meadow. It was evidently her plan to see the hatchet buried and friendly relations established all round. Eminently proper and sensible.

He turned the sheet over and wrote on the back:

"Dear Zen: Delighted to come. May have a couple of friends with me, one of whom you have seen before. Prepare for an appetite longed for the joys of home cooking. D. G."

It was not until after the child had gone home that Grant remembered he had addressed Transley's wife by her Christian name. That was the way he always thought of her, and it slipped on to paper quite naturally. Well, it couldn't be helped now.

Grant unbolted early and hurried to his house and the telephone. In a few minutes he had Linder on the line.

"Hello, Linder? I want you to go to a store for me and buy a teddy-bear."

The chuckle at the other end of the line irritated Grant. Linder had a strange sense of humor.

"I mean it. A big teddy, with electric eyes, and a deep bass growl, if they make 'em that way. The best you can get. Fetch it out tomorrow afternoon, and come decently dressed, for once. Bring Murdoch along if you can pry him loose."

Grant hung up the receiver. "Stupid chap, Linder, some ways," he muttered. "Why shouldn't I buy a teddy-bear if I want to?"

Sunday afternoon saw the arrival of Linder and Murdoch, with the largest teddy the town afforded. "What is the big idea now?" Linder demanded, as he delivered it into Grant's hands.

"It is for a little boy I know who has been bereaved of his first teddy by the activities of the family pig. You will renew some pleasant acquaintanceships, Linder. You remember Transley and his wife—Zen, of the Y.D.'s."

"You don't say! Thanks for that tip about dressing up. I may explain," Linder continued, turning to Murdoch. "There was a time when I might have been an also-ran in the race for Y.D.'s daughter, only Transley beat me on the get-away."

"You!" Grant exclaimed, incredulously.

"You, too!" Linder returned, a great light dawning.

Promptly at six Linder drew his automobile up in front of the Transley summer home with Grant and Murdoch on board. Wilson had been watching, and rushed down upon them, but before he could clamber up on Grant a great teddy-bear was thrust into his arms and sent him, wild with delight, to his mother.

"Look, mother! Look what the Man-on-the-Hill brought! See! He has fire in his eyes!"

Transley and Y.D. met the guests at the gate. "How do, Grant? Glad to see you, old man," said Transley, shaking his hand cordially. "The wife has had so many good words for you I am almost jealous. What ho, Linder! By all that's wonderful! You old prairie dog, why did you never look me up? I was beginning to think the Roche had got you."

Grant introduced Murdoch, and Y.D. received them as cordially as had Transley. "Glad to see you fellows back," he exclaimed. "I al'us said the Western men 'ud put a crimp in the kaleer, spite o' h—I an' high water!"

"One thing the war has taught us," said Grant, modestly, "is that men are pretty much alike, whether they come from west or east or north or south. No race has a monopoly of heroism."

"Well, come on in," Transley beckoned, leading the way. "Dinner will be ready sharp on time twenty minutes late. Not being a married man, Grant, you will not understand that reckoning. You'll have to excuse Mrs. Transley a few minutes; she's holding down the accelerator in the kitchen. Come in; I want you to meet Squiggs."

Squiggs proved to be a round man with huge round tortoise-shell glasses and round red face to match. He shook hands with a manner that suggested that in doing so he was making rather a good fellow of himself.

"We must have a little lubrication, for Y.D.'s sake," said Transley, producing a bottle and glasses. "I suppose it was the dust on the plains that gave these old cow punchers a thirst which never can be slaked. These are evil days for the old-timers. Grant?"

"Not any, thanks."

"No? Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Squiggs?"

"I'm a lawyer," said Squiggs, "and as booze is now ultra vires I do my best to keep it down," and Mr. Squiggs beamed genially upon his pleasantries and the full glass in his hand.

"I take a short when I want it and I don't care who knows it," said Y.D. "I al'us did, and I reckon I'll keep on to the finish. It didn't snuff me out in my youth and innocence, anyway. Just the same, I'm admittin' it's had medicine in anskilful hands. Here's hot!"

The glasses had just been drained

when Mrs. Transley entered the room, flushed but radiant from a strenuous half hour in the kitchen.

"Well, here you are!" she exclaimed. "So glad you could come, Mr. Grant! Why, Mr. Linder! Of all people—this is a pleasure. And Mr. —?"

"Mr. Murdoch," Transley supplied. "My chief of staff; the man who persists in keeping me rich," Grant elaborated.

"I mustn't keep you waiting longer. Dinner is ready. Dad, you are to carve."

"Hanged if I will! I'm a guest here, and I stand on my rights," Y.D. exploded.

"Then you must do it, Frank."

"I suppose so," said Transley, "although all I get out of a meal when I have to carve is splashing and profanity. You know, Squiggs, I've figured it out that this practice of requiring the nominal head of the house to carve has come down from the days when there wasn't usually enough to go 'round, and the carver had to make some fine decisions, and, perhaps, maintain them by force. It has no place under modern civilization."

The meal passed pleasantly and without incident, and before they realized how the time had flown Linder was protesting that he must be on his way. At the gate Transley put a hand on Grant's shoulder.

"I'm prepared to admit," he said, "that there's a whole lot in this old world that needs correcting, but I'm not sure that it can be corrected. You have a right to try out your experiments, but take a tip and keep a comfortable cache against the day when you'll want to settle down and take things as they are. It is true and always has been true that a man who is worth his salt, when he wants a thing, takes it—or goes down in the attempt. The loser may squeal, but that seems to be the path of progress. You can't beat it."

"Well, well," said Grant, laughing. "Sometimes two men, each worth his salt, collide."

"As in the meadow of the South Y.D.," said Transley, with a smile. "You remember that, Y.D.—when our friend here upset the haying operation?"

"Sure, I remember, but I'm not holdin' it agin him now. A dead horse is a dead horse, and I don't go sniffin' it."

"Perhaps I ought to say, though," Grant returned, "that I really do not know how the iron pegs got into that meadow."

"And I don't know how your hay-stacks got afire, but I can guess. Remember Drakz? A little locoed, an' just the critter to pull off a foot stunt like that. When the fire swept up the valley, instead of down, he made his get-away and has never been seen since. I reckon likely there was someone in Landon's gang capable o' drivin' pegs without consultin' the boss."

The little group were standing in the shadow and Grant had no opportunity to notice the sudden blanching of Zen's face at the mention of Drakz.

Grant shook hands cordially with Y.D. and his wife, with Squiggs and Mrs. Squiggs, with Transley and Mrs. Transley. Any inclination he may have felt to linger over Zen's hand was checked by her quick withdrawal of it, and there was something in her manner quite beyond his understanding. He could have sworn that the self-possessed Zen Transley was actually trembling.

(To be continued)

Italy Leads in Lemons.

The bulk of lemons entering into world trade are from Italy. Her exports in both 1920 and 1921 were approximately 4,000,000 boxes, which was about half the pre-war figure of 8,000,000 boxes. Imports into the United Kingdom amounted to 1,000,000 boxes in 1921, as compared with 700,000 boxes in 1920 and 900,000 boxes in 1918. After the United Kingdom, Germany and the Netherlands are the heaviest importers of lemons.

Inscribed Stone Under Lava.

Miners working more than 200 feet beneath an old lava flow at Columbia, Cal., found an irregularly-shaped granite tablet on which queer hieroglyphics were carved. Evidently the carvings, which were regular in form, date from prehistoric times. Scientists are trying to decipher them.

Hardest Substance.

The hardest substance known is probably the diamond, and the next carborundum. The softest metal is mercury and the next potassium. Of the more common metals lead is probably the softest with gold next. Gold is probably the most malleable metal and silver next.

About Ready to Graduate.

It was Kenneth's first day in school. When the children were all seated he raised his hand and said: "I can spell out and count seven and write my own name, so you won't have to bother to teach me much."—Boston Transcript.

Sagacious Minds.

A powerful and sagacious mind anticipates coming events by forethought, coming to a conclusion somewhat in advance of what may possibly happen in either case, and what ought to be done in that event.

Chinese General's Plans.

A Chinese general plans to teach Chinese soldiers scientific cultivation with modern farm machinery and then organize them into labor brigades for colonization of the vast waste lands of northwest China.

Thinnest Thread.

The thinnest thread visible to the human eye is so small that it would take a bundle of a thousand of them to equal the diameter of a woman's hair. These threads are made from melted quartz.

Beats the Trolley.

Tousted Lady (in hurry-up wagon, to cop)—"Well, old sport, there's one thing about this here Hunnysen; yer gets a comfortable seat and don't have to do no strop-jargin'."—Boston Transcript.

Making Jelly from Seaweed.

To produce fine vegetable jelly from seaweed the weed is first dried in the sun then boiled and exposed to a freezing temperature, after which all water is evaporated; then it is ready for use.

Churn Her Up.

Hi! Herd—"Yes, I need a man fer helpin' about. Er man who can milk and drive a Ford car." Loosfoot—"Well—er—I can drive the car, but I'm darned if I can milk it."

Sea-Hares for "Spider In Cup."

Sea-hares, small sluglike mollusks, were notorious among the ancients for their supposed venomous properties and were often used as ingredients of poisonous potions.

Pay Bill in Pebbles?

That prehistoric surgery was accomplished with a flint knife, is indicated from a skull of a man found recently in New Mexico which had been trepanned.

Cheerful Thought.

Benham—"Mina is descended from the monkey." Mrs. Benham—"I can readily imagine your ancestors as travelling companions for hand organs."

Then the Tragedy.

"De Lawd made you an' me an' de flowers," said Charcoal Eph, ruminatively, "an' He didn't make no mistakes ontwelf life staited you an' me."

But Few Streams.

Along the entire Lower California coast line, longer than from Key West to Boston, there is only one all-the-year-around stream entering the sea.

Tiger's Strength Great.

Tiger's jaws and teeth easily crush the large bones of a buffalo and the striped animal can break a horse's back with one blow of his forepaw.

Scorpions' Stings Not Fatal.

Scorpions range from two to eight inches in length, and while they are able to inflict a severe wound with their sting, it is rarely fatal.

You Said It!

It is frequently difficult to separate the man who claims to have a soul above mere gain from a little of his money.

One's Judgment.

Our judgment is something we take no particular pride in, if we don't have to exercise it in behalf of other people.

Riches and Poverty.

The embarrassment of riches may be great, but it is as nothing compared with the embarrassment of poverty.

See Them a Mile.

Dials of the four clocks of the clock tower on the houses of parliament, London, are 23 feet in diameter.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residence or place of business should make application to the office, Marlborough street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Mountain Has 20,000 Deer

Despite the isolated and inaccessible character of Kibab plateau of northern Arizona, it is one of the most beautiful in the United States and it is in fact a mountain with 20,000 deer.

Nowhere else in the United States can the same number of deer be found in an equal area, says the Detroit News.

The game preserve is thirty-five to forty-five miles in extent, and the deer are free to roam throughout this immense territory. Its isolation has helped the government to keep the hunters away. When the preserve was established in 1906 it was estimated that the area contained about 3,000 deer. An estimate made by representatives of the United States biological survey and forest service in 1923, after an extensive survey of the area, places the present number at 20,000.

This high, flat-topped mountain, sometimes called Buckskin mountain, but better known as Kibab mountain, flanks the Grand canyon on the north.

Egyptian Flag Changed

The familiar red and white colors of the Egyptian flag have disappeared. By edict of the king the spiraling white crescent and three stars remain, but green has been substituted for the red background. Green is the color entitled to be worn by those who have accomplished the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Artificial Lighting

It has been computed that there are four times as many artificial lighting hours in winter as to summer. One and a half hours cover the use of light in the average residence in June. While six and a half hours is the average time for December.

Some Mexican Laws

Certain Mexican states have an interesting law affecting burglars. The culprit in cases of "petty larceny" is made to repay the plaintiff by working for him so many days the period varying according to the nature of the theft.

Samuel Jaffee, of Lynn, according to his own admission, drove a motor car for six years without a license. He was halted in West Lynn by an alert member of the Lynn police department, and paid a \$25 fine in the district court as a reminder that licenses are necessary to operate motor vehicles.

Two hundred persons, including a number of women, gave symptoms of a heavy breath during the 30 minutes allotted to Prof. Alexander G. McAfee, Harvard meteorologist, at a symposium at the Harvard Union. The professor found their collective breathing had equalled 12 pounds in weight, and he complimented them on being adept cloud-makers.

The Idle Word

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, or prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

BLUE FLOWERS

If you like blue flowers or those with blue varieties, you may choose from cornflower and larkspur, growing 2 1/2 feet high; lupine and Japanese bellflower, 2 feet; nemophila, ageratium, lobelia, verbena, and forget-me-not, one foot or less.

SPADING THE GARDEN

Spading up the garden soil is quite an art, the secret being to cut the soil in small, deep slices and thoroughly pulverize the clods with the edge of the spade or fork as each spadeful or forkful is turned over.

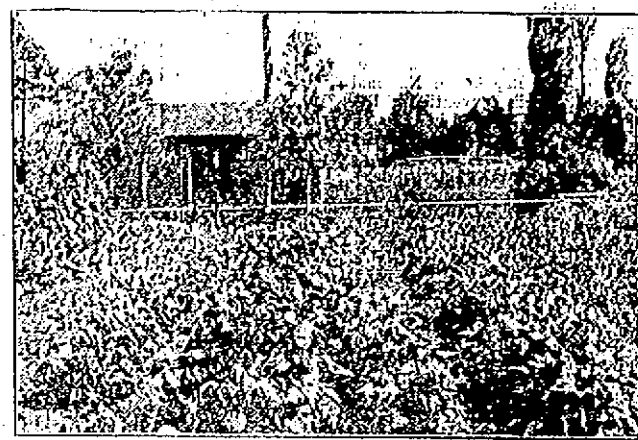
With Fire of Indignation

Friend—Saw you taking home a new cook two evenings ago. How is she turning out?
Subbubs (in disgust)—The worst ever! About the only thing she can do is to make one's blood boil.—Boston Transcript.

Aside From That

Author—Have you read my new book?
Friend—Yes.
Author—What do you think of it?
Friend—Well, to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.—Calgary Daily Herald.

The Cottage Gardener



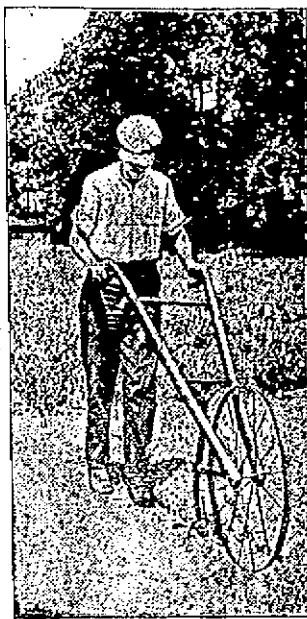
Two or Three Plantings Will Assure the Industrious Cottage Gardener a Continuous Supply of Beans, One of the Most Welcome Treats That Come From the Home Garden.

Back Yard Garden and Its Problems

Soil, Seeds, Sunshine, Moisture and Brains Among Essentials.

Records kept through a period of several years by about 300 cottage gardeners indicated, or proved rather, that a well-cultivated vegetable garden paid them at the rate of about 85 cents an hour for their labor and on an average basis the returns at market prices were about \$350 an acre. Not all the gardens yielded at this rate, many of them not half that amount, but a considerable number gave higher results so that the average for those recorded was about \$35 from a tenth-acre garden.

Results like the above are seldom obtained in general farming or truck growing and come only from intensive



When Hard Work Counts.

cultivation. Of all the land under cultivation, however, the cottage or home garden should be handled the most intensively and, large yields secured. According to the garden experts of the United States Department of Agriculture, there are a few very important points in the management of a dividend-paying home garden.

Five ingredients, soil, seeds, sunshine, moisture and brains, must be carefully and painstakingly blended in order to make the garden pay the highest dividends. Without each one of the ingredients the mixture will fall flat and be recorded among the list of failures, but with all five harmoniously blended and backed by a reasonable amount of work, the results are in nine cases out of ten most satisfactory. The soil may be anything from rocks to fine sandy or silt loam or a mixture of all of them. Any soil that is not too hopeless may be made to produce, if enough manure, fertilizers, lime, wood ashes and labor are expended upon it. Usually it is the lot of the cottage gardener to take whatever in the way of soil and location fate has allotted to him and then make the best of it. Manure and wood ashes are hard to obtain, but commercial fertilizers and lime can be had in abundance. The labor he can supply himself and credit it to much-needed exercise if he feels so inclined. Dead weeds, leaves, street sweepings, where they do not contain oil, also refuse from the kitchen may be worked into the soil to add organic matter.

Good seeds are just as essential as good soil. Why go to all the trouble of getting the soil in condition if something worth while is not planted upon it? Where can good seeds be procured? Almost anywhere, of well-established seed dealers, but there is a great difference in seeds and it pays to get the best even though the cost is a little higher. If the garden is to pay dividends the crops must be planted at the proper time and seeds should be ordered early and be on hand when wanted for planting.

Should Profit by His Own Mistakes

Careful Gardener Can Easily Obviate Errors of Past Season.

There is small hope for those who do not profit by their mistakes. Recently in a meeting of about 150 home gardeners, those present were asked to recount some of the mistakes that they made in the conduct of their gardens last season. Here are some of them, gathered by the United States Department of Agriculture for the benefit of the readers of the Cottage Gardener columns. The first of these gardeners to confess stated that the greatest mistake he made was in planting most of his crops too early and before the ground had become sufficiently warm. As a result many of the seeds failed to grow and the garden had to be planted over again and was late in maturing. Another of the gardeners said that his greatest mistake was in not making several plantings of certain crops such as beans, corn, beets, lettuce, spinach, etc. His mistake was in making but one planting of each, then when the crops were gathered he had nothing more coming on. Successful plantings of many of the garden crops pay well.

Poor preparation of the soil was the mistake, made last year, by a large number of the gardeners who attended the experience meeting. Persons who have not had a farm or market garden training seldom appreciate the need of thoroughly preparing the soil before planting. Letting the weeds get a start was the major mistake of another group of the gardeners. The time to kill weeds is when the seeds first sprout in the soil and before they become established. One gardener said that his greatest mistake was in allowing the bugs to get ahead of him and that his crops were reduced in yield as a result. Another gardener stated that he did not arrange his garden properly and that the taller crops shaded the low ones.

One planting of beans in the home garden gives the family a fast-food planting gives them a fair supply—another planting will provide plenty for the greater part of the summer.

Several hundred varieties of lettuce are included in our American seed trade catalogues, but two or three varieties will give sufficient range for family use, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Head lettuce,



Planting Time at Hand.

such as Iceberg, New York, May King and Big Boston, can be grown in the early spring and late fall while the weather is reasonably cool. Loose-leaf lettuce, such as Black Seeded Simpson, Grand Rapids and Cox or Romaine, are more heat resistant than the heading sorts.

Radishes have been grown ready for the table in 14 days after planting, and three small plantings will give an abundance of crisp radishes for the family table from the middle of May until the 1st of July in the latitude of Washington, D. C.

Golden Bantam sweet corn, out of the garden and over the fire and on the table in less than an hour after it is pulled, is food for kings.

The Cottage Gardener

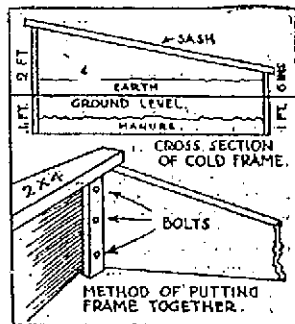
Under-Glass Plan for Young Plants

Protection That Speeds Up Growth and Produces Sturdy Sprouts.

Glass, even if it be only a fragment of a window pane with which to cover a small seed box, or an old tumbler to set over a cutting in a flower pot, is one of the essential materials of a plant grower in climates where there is frost.

French gardeners raise acres of plants under "cloches," or bell-shaped glasses of various sizes, which set over the individual plants to speed up growth. Wonderful lettuce is grown this way.

Glass keeps the heat in and the cold out, while letting in sunlight. This is the chief principle of the hotbed, which is an essential institution in a garden of any extent. The heat usually furnished by fermenting horse manure is conserved and fostered by



METHOD OF PUTTING FRAME TOGETHER.

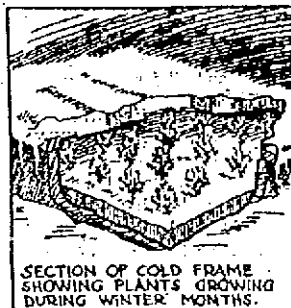
the blanket of nonconducting glass, which does not allow it to escape rapidly by radiation as would metal, or even wood.

When a hotbed cannot be maintained conveniently because of the difficulty of securing a supply of fresh horse manure as its foundation, a difficulty that is becoming more real each year, a coldframe or heatless hotbed can be used as a substitute, although it cannot be utilized for a month or six weeks after the hotbed usually is at work.

Hotbeds may be artificially heated by steam or hot water pipes, but only a few gardeners will be able to afford such a luxury or will have a location to permit it being used conveniently. The construction of a hotbed is not at all complicated. In fact, any frame built to accommodate a glass cover may be used, provided it is of sufficient extent to encourage fermentation of manure. While it is best to use the standard-sized hotbed sash sold by all dealers, which are 6 feet by 8 feet each, old window sash may be utilized for the purpose.

Knockdown frames to hold this sash are sometimes sold, but they can be manufactured by any carpenter or by the gardener himself if he is at all handy in the use of hammer, saw and nails. The usual unit is 6 feet 2 to 3 inches by 6 feet, accommodating two standard sashes. The extra inches are necessary to permit of the placing of a cross stick between the sashes upon which their inner edges may rest firmly. This crosspiece usually is grooved so that saw-moths that may creep between the edges of the sash and the crosspiece would drain down the groove and not drip into the bed beneath.

If the bed is to be permanently located it is best to make the frame of heavy lumber, 2-inch stuff that may be bolted together with angle irons in the corners. If it is to be temporary, lighter lumber is available, and it is



SECTION OF COLD FRAME SHOWING PLANTS GROWING DURING WINTER MONTHS.

lighter to move and handle without knocking down the frame. The back of the sash should be 18 inches high, and the front 6 inches to 10 inches. Some types are 12 to 15 inches high at the back and 8 to 10 inches in the front. These, however, are only useful for seedlings and low growing plants. The taller type will keep the plants until they have attained considerable height and is also available for a coldframe in which plants from 6 to 10 inches may be wintered.

A frame should always face the south, with no houses, trees, or other objects to cast a shadow over it or cut off the sun. If sloping land can be secured for the frame it is an added advantage if the land slopes to the south, as it will give more direct rays of the sun upon the glass.—National Garden Bureau.

Fruit Trees That Need Little Room

Dwarf Varieties Are Giving Results, Says Department of Agriculture.

Since the cottage garden is usually quite limited in area, it is necessary to plant fruit trees that will not occupy too much space. The dwarf apple and pear trees fill this need admirably and are giving good results in the small home fruit garden, suggests the United States Department of Agriculture. Dwarf apple trees are propagated on what are called Doucin roots. Doucin trees being dwarf in habit of growth, and when the ordinary varieties of apples are budded or grafted on Doucin roots the resulting trees are of medium size.

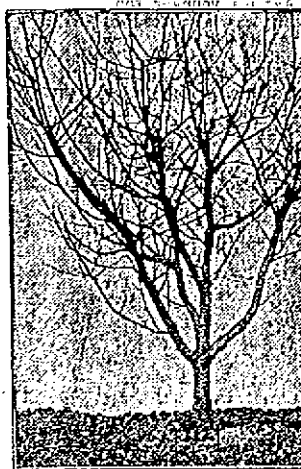
The advantage of using dwarf trees is that many different varieties of apples may be grown on a small piece of ground. The trees are small so they can be easily pruned and sprayed. Dwarf apple trees may be planted 14 feet apart each way, and should they make such vigorous growth that the limbs touch across this 14-foot space, they should be kept pruned back so as not to crowd.

Dwarf apple trees should be only one year old when planted, and should consist of a single shoot. The tree should be set in the ground about an inch deeper than it grew in the nursery. If set deeper than this, roots will start from above the point of budding or grafting and change the tree from a dwarf to a standard. In case it does happen that roots are sent out in this way and the trees make very vigorous growth, it becomes necessary to do root pruning. This is easily done by spading around the tree and cutting off a few of the uppermost roots within about 3 feet of the tree trunk.

When planted the top of the tree should be cut off about 30 inches above the ground. This will cause it to form a low top. After the first year's growth the branches are cut back about one-half. After the second and third year's growth the new branches are cut back about one-third to one-half, and any crowding or crossing branches are cut out. After the third year's growth, very little pruning is necessary, except to cut out any crowding branches. About the fifth or sixth year from planting, the trees usually begin fruiting.

Dwarf pear trees are planted and handled the same as dwarf apple trees.

Peach, plum, cherry and other fruit trees, should be planted in the cottage garden. In all sections, where these



A Sturdy Dwarf Fruit Tree.

fruits will grow. They may be kept of dwarf size by pruning each year if necessary. Sour cherries usually grow slowly and do not need much cutting back until they are six or eight years old. Peaches should be cut back somewhat every year. Plums need cutting back to keep them from growing too large.

From one-half to a dozen dwarf apple trees of varieties covering the full season will furnish enough fruit for the ordinary family during most of the year. It is well to have at least one early and one late summer variety, one early and one late fall variety and two or more winter varieties. Unfortunately, not very many varieties of dwarf apple trees can be purchased from nurseriesmen, but that need not keep one from having varieties covering the whole season. The way to do is to graft to the desired varieties just before or right after the nursery trees are planted. To do this it is, of course, necessary to secure grafts of the varieties one wishes to grow and then do the grafting, or get someone else who understands grafting to do it.

Nurseriesmen propagate quite a number of varieties of dwarf pears so there is no difficulty in getting trees of pear varieties to cover the whole season.

While soy beans should not be considered superior to alfalfa for hay, they may be regarded as a most excellent catch crop to be seeded in the spring in places where clover or alfalfa have winterkilled, or to be grown where other legumes have not been seeded the year before. Then, too, soy beans will grow on land that is slightly sour and not well adapted for the legumes that are especially susceptible to soil acidity.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Cost of the War.
Attempts have been made by a number of statisticians and economists to compute the money cost of the World War. The results arrived at vary. According to the estimates of Professor Bogart, under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, the direct costs were \$180,333,687,087, and the indirect costs \$151,012,842,680, making a grand total of \$331,046,170,667.

Fighting Fishes.

Prize-fighting fishes are very common on the coast of Japan and Siam. Their pugilistic tendencies are most pronounced, so much so that the natives make them the place of boxing in Siam, and arrange matches in glass bowls between two of the species, heavy bets being laid on the result.

No Kissing in South Seas.

Another "closing" finale is being attacked. The South Sea Islands are often the scene of romantic stories and scenarios, but a traveler from there has remarked on the fact that there are no customs there, which include kissing among the savages.

Trees of North America.

The following are some of the most important trees that are found in their native state only in North America: Hickory, bald cypress, sequoia (both species), yellow poplar, Arizona cypress, white pine, western yellow pine and Douglas fir.

Discovery of X-Rays.

The property of X-rays to penetrate solid matter was discovered by accident through leaving a key on top of a desk beneath which photographic plates were kept. When the plates were developed the shadow of the key was seen.

Apes and Rickets.

Although mummified apes of ancient Egypt show evidence of rickets, no definite evidence of this disease has yet been found in the numerous human bones exhumed from ancient graves of that land.

Seaweed as Remedy.

Chinese doctors have been successful in curing certain skin diseases with extracts from seaweed. Experiments in this direction are now being carried out in Paris and other European cities.

Marriage in Egypt.

In Egypt the ordinary marriage takes place at a very early age. Many of the brides are little more than ten years of age, and few have passed fifteen on their wedding day.

"Scribes" Used to Be Fighters.

A scribe was a name used among the Jews originally to indicate a military officer, but later the cognomen was given to those who copied the books of the law.

Afraid of Leather.

Mohammedans always look on leather with suspicion as pig's skin. The Koran, therefore, according to the most orthodox directions, is bound in cloth.

Now the Clock's O. K. Again.

Clocks do not run faster during the night than the daytime, claims one astronomer, who has a six-inch transit circle with which he tells the accuracy of time.

Her Busy Day.

The Supervisor—"Why did you give that party the busy signal? There was no one on the line." The Operator—"I was busy—doing my nails."

Easy for Her.

It isn't necessary for a woman to be an expert mathematician in order to calculate how much her husband would save in a year if he quit smoking.

Placability.

Nothing is more praiseworthy, nothing more suited to a great and illustrious man than placability and a merciful disposition.

Cruel and Unusual.

Every animal should be required to live here ten years before boasting of his ancestors who came over on the Mayflower.

What Others Observe.

Without your knowledge, the eyes and ears of many will see and watch you, as they have done already.—Cleora.

Success.

Success consists in good fortune, allied to good design—if the latter be wanting success is altogether impossible.

If Man Equaled Ant's Strength.

To equal the strength of an ant's mandibles a man would have to lift three railroad cars of coal at the same time.

Wise Theatrical Managers.

Lucifer was the star of the morning, but the wise theatrical manager sticks to afternoon and evening performances.

Dime a Day Woman's Pay.

Native women of China receive about one cent for each hair net made by hand, and average ten a day.

Yes, but Why Tell Us About It?

A coin-stamping machine used by the government turns out 300 10-cent pieces a minute.

Just Like a Man.

Seeing that he cannot discard most of his bad habits, man seeks to justify them.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 3, 1824

Private schools were numerous in those days. No less than seven are advertised in this issue of the Mercury. William Wilder, Jun., advertises a Classical School. "Among the branches taught are Latin and Greek languages; Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, Geometry, and Algebra; Rhetoric, History, Composition; and if desired Geography, ancient and modern; Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Reading, &c." All of which appears to be a pretty extensive curriculum. Mary and Amy R. Williams advertise school for girls. Ira Stillman "respectfully informs the public that he will open a school on the 5th of April." John Rodman advertises a morning school where everything is taught; Daniel Webb "respectfully informs his friends and the citizens of Newport generally that he continues to teach school on Church street." Mrs. Wm. Tilley "will open a school at her former residence on the Hill."

The next most important thing advertised in this issue are wines, beer, etc. John B. Lyon tells the public that "he has constantly on hand an unlimited supply of Providence Ale." Henry Bull advertises, among other things, "On barrels first quality Albany Ale West India Rum and French Brandy, by the hoghead, pipe or barrel, and American gin from the most approved distilleries." There are several more liquor advertisements which indicate rum selling in those days was among the chief employments of the Newport merchants. The Volstead act was not then foreboding even by the most far-seeing prophets.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 7, 1849

At the election in this state last Wednesday Henry B. Anthony was chosen Governor and the entire White ticket won out. In this town Henry Bull was elected senator by a majority of 45 over Edward Clarke, Esq. The following were elected representatives without opposition: Henry Y. Cranston, Christopher G. Perry, Joseph Anthony, Benjamin Finch, Joseph B. Weaver, George G. King of this town was elected Congressman.

There are elected to the senate 20 Whigs, 16 Democrats, and 11 Free Soil; to the house of representatives 45 Whigs, 23 Democrats and 1 Free Soil.

Died in this town Sunday evening last, Miss Sarah V. Sterne, daughter of the late Samuel Sterne and sister of Mrs. G. C. Shaw. In Manville, Tuesday, Edgar Overton Darling, grand child of George C. Shaw. At Auburn Place, Arkansas, March 16, George Whitefield Shaw, only son of George C. Shaw, Esq., of this town.

The Portsmouth, N. H., Messenger tell the following story: A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter finding that the diminution of his woodpile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, a clue to the mystery. At an hour when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window and saw a lazy fellow endeavoring to get a big log on his wheelbarrow. "You are a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you would offer to come down and help me."

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 4, 1874

The State election on Wednesday passed off quietly. Henry Howard was re-elected Governor and Charles C. Van Zandt, of Newport, Lieutenant Governor. The rest of the Republican ticket was elected by substantial majorities. In this city there was only one ticket in the field for General Assembly. The following were chosen: Senator, Samuel Powell; Representatives, Daniel T. Swinburne, William C. Townsend, Fred A. Pratt, Augustus P. Sherman. The senate stands 25 Republicans, 11 Democrats, with no election in Providence; in the House there are 53 Republicans, 12 Democrats, with 7 no election.

The election in Middletown on Wednesday was attended with considerable excitement. Party feeling ran high and every voter was brought out. The ticket might properly have been headed "Road" and "Anti-Road," the contest hanging principally upon the question of the much talked of road across the Second Beach. The friends of the road seem to have been successful.

A new steamer has been launched in New York to run this summer between Providence and Block Island, calling at Newport.

Mr. Langworthy Almy, a native of Portsmouth, died in Fall River on Saturday last, aged 80 years. He served in the War of 1812 in the Seventh R. I. Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. George Brown.

The New York Graphic nominates Senator Henry B. Anthony of Rhode Island for the next President of the United States.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, April 3, 1899

The Newport members of the First R. I. Volunteers arrived home Saturday night. The men were met in Providence by Lt. William D. Sayer, as a committee from the Artillery Company, who escorted them to Newport. A large concourse of citizens met the returning veterans at Commercial Wharf, and an escort, consisting of the Artillery Company,

Newport Naval Reserves, C. E. Lawton and G. K. Warren Posts, G. A. R., and the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, headed by the Newport Band, conducted them to the Artillery Armory, where they were welcomed by Col. Henry C. Stevens, Jr., to which address Major A. A. Barker responded feelingly.

Tuesday evening was the date set for the formal reception to the volunteers, and a hearty reception was given them at the Armory. Mayor Boyle welcomed the men in behalf of the city and Colonel J. W. Horton spoke for the past members of the Artillery Company. Colonel Henry C. Stevens was the first speaker and was followed by Rev. Mr. Porter, and Col. W. P. Sheffield, Jr., made a brief address. Major A. A. Barker told of the work of the men, their hardships and disappointments, and of their exemplary conduct. At the close of Major Barker's address a collation was served. The whole affair was a grand success.

The State election took place on Wednesday. Governor Dyer was re-elected by a substantial majority. The Republican General Assembly ticket was successful with one exception, John H. Crosby, Democrat, was elected Fifth Representative by two majorities.

The next state senate will have 31 Republicans, 6 Democrats, and the House will be 58 Republicans, 13 Democrats, and 1 Prohibitionist.

Married in this city, 4th inst., by Rev. E. H. Porter, in Emmanuel Church, Albert Crocker Landers, Jr., to Charlotte Amelia Easton, both of this city.

Mr. Warren F. Leland died in New York on Tuesday after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Leland was the proprietor of the Windsor Hotel in New York, in which his wife and daughter perished at the time of the fire. He was proprietor of the Ocean House here during the season of 1895.

Charles C. Marsh, of this city, is paymaster of the Second South Carolina Volunteers, now at Augusta, Ga.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1—The man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath was stoned to death.
- 2—Ezekiel was a priest and prophet.
- 3—3000 Philistines went to the top of the rock Elam to bind Samson.
- 4—The Book of Proverbs is addressed to Solomon's son, Rehoboam.
- 5—David was tempted by Satan to number Israel.
- 6—Eli descended from Ithamar, Aaron's younger son.
- 7—Eli was appointed to the high priesthood.
- 8—Micah broke the Second and Eighth Commandments.
- 9—Isaiah was a prophet and the son of Amoz.
- 10—Shallum slew Zachariah.
- 11—Besides the Book bearing his name, Jonah prophesied the reconquest by Jeroboam in II Kings 14.
- 12—Satan's first great work was to bring sin and death into the world by Adam's fall.
- 13—Jericho was the last city Elisha and Elijah visited before the latter ascended to Heaven.
- 14—Elijah ascended to Heaven near Jericho, by Jordan.
- 15—Naaman was afflicted with leprosy.
- 16—Christ was born of Abraham's race.
- 17—After he told the meaning of the King's dream, Joseph was let out of prison.
- 18—Joshua became leader of the Israelites after Moses died.

MORE BIBLE QUESTIONS

- 1—How did the Israelites cross the River Jordan?
- 2—In what kind of a place was Christ born?
- 3—Where did Samson's strength lie?
- 4—What great event happened in the days of Peleg?
- 5—What great trouble came on Egypt and Canaan while Joseph was there?
- 12—What city did the Israelites take first when they reached the promised land?
- 13—What did Delilah do to Samson when he told her his strength lay in his hair?
- 14—Where was David when the last decisive battle between Saul and the Philistines was fought?
- 15—What did David do to the young man who killed Saul?
- 16—What touching record did David leave of his love to Saul and Jonathan?
- 17—How old was David when all Israel came to anoint him king?
- 18—What became of the gods of the Philistines?

A large number of members of Kolah Grotto will go to Fall River on Saturday evening for a return engagement with Azab Grotto at an indoor athletic meet. The program will include basketball, volley ball, indoor baseball, pool, billiards, etc. The affair will be staged at the Boys' Club in Fall River, the Newporters making the trip by automobile.

The Navy Department will shortly call for bids for renting the splendid ice-making and refrigerating plant at Coddington Point, which has been used but little since it was erected. Several applications had been made to lease the plant, and the Government has now decided to lease it to the highest bidder.

Mr. T. T. Pitman has returned from the South, where he spent a number of weeks.

ON THE BURNING OF THE MORTGAGE OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Newport, R. I.

A dictum old, yet ever new, Proclaimed by Christ's apostle true Who had for souls a care, Holds now as when the world began, And Adam fell—that every man Shall his own burden bear.

The weight of curiosity As to the fruitage of Life's tree, Cast off from Eden's gate, The primal pair expelled, were bidden From Paradise, by God's command, To bear a heavier weight.

And evermore, till Time shall end, Men must beneath some burden bend, And weary days endure If borne for Him, the Lord will bless The load, and for the weakness Will be himself the cure.

Man here shall know no perfect ease: This, too for all communities,— For every Church is true: Our Church where we are met tonight With thankful hearts, for prospects bright Has had her burden, too.

Now for our uplifted burden Gather we, to claim the quonon,— Joy for our departed debt: Not for rest, and dreamy leaning On our cars, but with new meaning, On new aspirations set.

Now, of our dear Church—God guide her— We would throw the portals wider, Each exclusive band ungrit; Poor and wealthy, as they enter, We would welcome to this centre Of our Lord's own work on earth.

Souls, in sin and weakness living, Strength and hane would we be giving; Let them touch Christ's garment's hem: Point them to the Saviour divine; Still their hearts' despair and crying, Here, in our Jerusalem.

Farther on, e'en through Samaria, We would widen our love's arena,— Yea, through farthest wastes of earth: To the dead in sin, the story Tell, how Christ, the King of Glory Died, to give them heavenly birth.

All honor to the faithful Who from no work did flee: But of their best, e'er gave with zest, Our Church from debt to free: Their time, their means unmeasured, Their strength they freely gave: Their zeal has won; their work's well done: Themselves they did not save.

All honor to our leader Who planned in stated ways, By payments clear, so much a year, Our Church's debt to raise: For his unselfish labor That did no respite know, Our hearts tonight, uplifted light, In gratitude outflow.

All honor to the sisters, Who've baked and sewed and planned, With weary flesh, but spirits fresh, An ever loyal band: They've acted for us dramas, With graceful, winning art: When we shall burn the mortgage, turn To them with grateful heart.

All honor to the brothers, In all their clubs and bands, Endeavorers who ever us Upheld, with willing hands: All honor to our pastor, Who in self-giving ways, Let not the fire of zeal expire, Our Church's debt to raise.

When we, tonight the mortgage shall be burning, Let us, in closer ties, Gird one another for life's burdens, Learn The joy of sacrifice.

Burn from our hearts, Lord Christ, the Purifier, All that retards Thy course: May it be more and more our heart's desire, To hear with love the cross!

Burn from these hearts of ours the love of sinning; Our stubborn souls unbend: With Thy love's fire warm us to service winning,— The fire Thou canst send.

Praise to Thy Holy Name for this night's blessing, Bless Giver, we would sing; All riches and all joy and grace possessing In Thee, our Saviour King

RICHARD ARNOLD GREENE.

Mr. James S. Hazard quietly observed his eighty-first birthday on Friday. Although he was confined to his home for a large part of the winter, he is now enjoying excellent health.

The annual assembly of the Grand Council of Rhode Island of Royal and Select Masters will be held in Providence next Tuesday.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court Newport, R. I.

Newport, March 23, A. D. 1924.

WHEREAS, Emily M. Parsonage, of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Emily M. Parsonage and Joseph S. Parsonage, now in parts, and

Emily M. Parsonage, unknown, an which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

NOTICE is therefore hereby given to the said Joseph S. Parsonage, of the residence of said notice, and that he shall appear in the Court to be held at the Court House in Newport, on the 26th day of March, A. D. 1924, at ten o'clock a. m., to answer to the said petition, and to the said order of notice, and to the said order of the Court.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Court, at Newport, Rhode Island, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1924.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Rev. Dr. Henry N. Jeter has returned from a prolonged tour of the Middle Atlantic States in the interest of the Humane and Reform Movement of which he is the founder. He reports a very encouraging trip.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

APRIL 7, 1924

At a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee of the State of Rhode Island held in Providence on Thursday, February 14, 1924, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED, That in pursuance of the call of the Republican National Committee, a State Convention of Republican delegates be held in Infantry Hall, in the City of Providence, on Monday, April 7, 1924, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the choice of seven delegates at large, and seven alternates at large, to the Republican National Convention to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on June 10, 1924, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President, and Vice President, to be voted for at the Presidential election, on Tuesday, November 4, 1924, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said Convention.

RESOLVED, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings for the purpose of electing Delegates to said State Convention, the number of delegates to be twice the representation of said Towns and Cities in the General Assembly, and that said meetings be held not later than Monday, March 31, 1924, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of Delegates immediately after their election to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Providence, R. I.

RESOLVED, That the member of the Town or City Committee calling the meeting to order under the above call, together with the Chairman and Secretary of said meeting, be instructed to certify upon the credentials that said delegates were elected pursuant to the regular call of said Town or City Committee.

RESOLVED, That the Republican electors of the State of Rhode Island, and all other electors, without regard to past political affiliation, who believe in the principles of the Republican party and endorse its policies, and intend to support its candidates, are cordially invited to unite under this call in the selection of Delegates to said Convention.

WILLIAM C. PELKEY, Chairman.
NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

3-8-1t

DISTRICT CONVENTION

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

At a meeting of the Republican Committee of the FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT of Rhode Island, held February 4, 1924, it was voted to issue the following call:

The Republican electors of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island, and all other electors, without regard to past political affiliation, who believe in the principles of the Republican party and endorse its policies, and intend to support its candidates, are cordially invited to unite under this call in the selection of delegates to a Congressional District Convention to be held in Infantry Hall in the city of Providence, R. I., on

MONDAY APRIL 7, 1924,

at 11:30 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of choosing two delegates and two alternates to attend the Republican National Convention to be held at Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, on June 10, 1924, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, to be voted for at the Presidential election on Tuesday, November 4, 1924, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said Convention.

The several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call primary meetings not later than Monday, March 31, 1924, for the purpose of electing delegates to said First Congressional District Convention, the number of Delegates from Towns and Cities outside the City of Providence to be twice the representation of said Towns and Cities in the General Assembly and the number of Delegates from that part of said City of Providence contained in said First Congressional District to be twenty-six. And the Secretaries of said primary meetings are requested to forward a copy of the credentials of Delegates so elected to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Providence, R. I.

GEORGE R. LAWTON, Chairman.
MRS. A. W. ANTHONY, Secretary.

3-8-1t

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

Portsmouth, R. I., March 14, 1924. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of Portsmouth, Guardian of the person and estate of PHYLIS ELINE JACKSON, of said Portsmouth, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court according to law, beginning March 11, 1924.

LINWOOD C. JACKSON, Guardian.
GEORGE R. HICKS, Clerk.

Rev. Dr. Henry N. Jeter has returned from a prolonged tour of the Middle Atlantic States in the interest of the Humane and Reform Movement of which he is the founder. He reports a very encouraging trip.

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Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 3, 1924.
Estate of Elizabeth B. Dunn

REQUEST in writing is made by Ezra B. Dunn, son of said Elizabeth B. Dunn, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that he, said Ezra B. Dunn, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 14th day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 3, 1924.
Estate of Elizabeth B. Dunn

PETITION in writing is made by Ezra B. Dunn, son of said Elizabeth B. Dunn, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that he, said Ezra B. Dunn, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 14th day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, and that citation be served according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE
New Shoreham, R. I., March 13, 1924.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham of an Administrator on the estate of Jacob A. Mott, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and his qualification by giving bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law beginning March 22, A. D. 1924.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

MERTON P. MOTT, Administrator.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 20th, 1924.

Estate of Catherine M. Donnelly

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Catherine M. Donnelly, a minor over the age of fourteen years, daughter of Mary Donnelly and of Frank Donnelly, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that she has made choice of J. Marion Donnelly, of said Newport, as guardian of her person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Seventh day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 20th, 1924.

Estate of Eugene J. Donnelly

A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Eugene J. Donnelly, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Mary Donnelly and of Frank Donnelly, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of J. Marion Donnelly, of said Newport, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Seventh day of April next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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